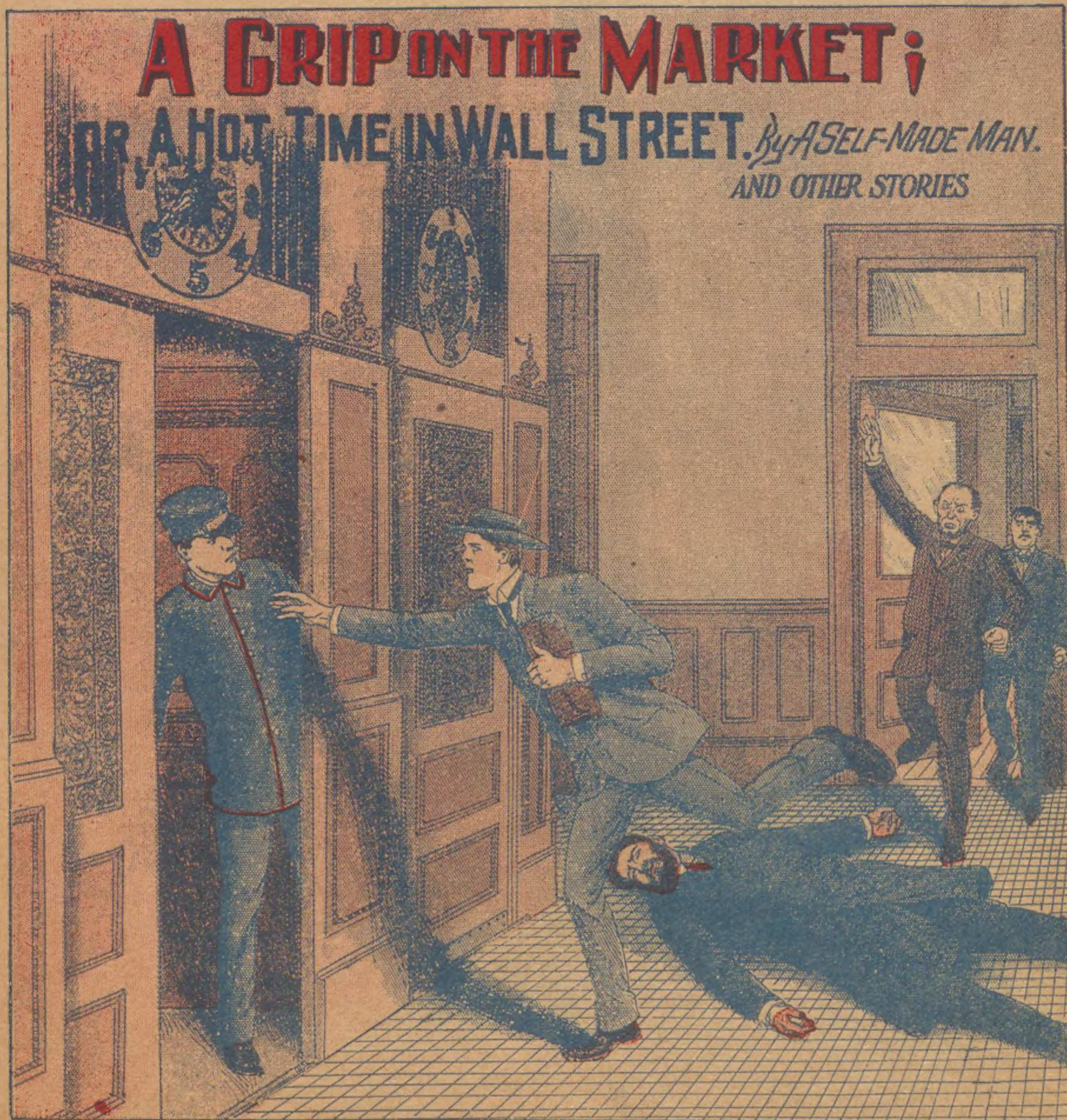


FAME & FORTUNE WEEKLY

STORIES OF BOYS WHO MAKE MONEY.



As the boy ran toward the waiting elevator, Peck, who was in advance, reaching out his arms to detain him, lost his balance and pitched forward. His head struck the corner of the elevator shaft and he rolled over insensible.

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FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY

Issued weekly—Subscription price, \$4.00 per year! Canada, \$4.50; Foreign, \$5.00. Harry E. Wolff, Publisher, inc., 166 West 23d Street, New York, N. Y. Entered as Second-Class Matter, October 4, 1911, at the Post-Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

No. 1048

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 30, 1925

Price 8 Cents.

A GRIP ON THE MARKET

OR, A HOT TIME IN WALL STREET

By A SELF-MADE MAN

CHAPTER I.—Dick Merriton Is Treated to a Startling Surprise.

"Hello, Bob, what's your rush?" asked Dick Merriton, messenger for John Barker, stock broker, of No. — Wall Street.

"I'm going to work. Got a job at last. Aren't you glad?" replied Bob Browning, Dick's particular friend.

"Sure thing," replied Dick, keeping pace with Bob. "What kind of a job have you got?"

"Running an elevator in the King Building."

"When did you catch on?"

"Yesterday."

"How do you like it as far as you've got?"

"All right."

"Well, I wish you luck. Here's where I leave you," and Dick darted into the office building where he was employed and took an elevator for the third floor.

There were several customers standing around the ticker when Dick entered the office, and others seated around the reception room waiting for their turn to see Mr. Barker. A vinegary-looking woman entered after Dick. She carried an umbrella and a reticule, and wore fingerless open net-work mitts. She always wanted to see Mr. Barker, though Mr. Barker was never in a hurry to see her, notwithstanding that she was a steady customer. Dick had standing orders to sidetrack her whenever she presented herself—that is, if he could do so without insulting her. She was a hard proposition to handle, and the boy never liked to tackle her. She kept a boarding house uptown, and was known to have a good bank account.

"I want to see Mr. Barker," said the lady, whose name was Beakes.

"Sorry, ma'am, but Mr. Barker is engaged," replied Dick, in his blandest tone.

"Well, I want to see him when he's disengaged," she said, compressing her thin lips and glaring at Dick as if he were a boarder who was in arrears.

"That will be in about two hours, ma'am, if he doesn't have to attend a directors' meeting."

"Seems to me he's always attending directors' meetings," she said, sharply.

"Yes, ma'am. Mr. Barker belongs to a whole lot of companies."

"But it's his business to look after his customers as well as his companies."

"So he does, ma'am," replied Dick, politely.

"Well, I insist on seeing him to-day, do you understand?"

"Yes, ma'am. Take a seat, please. Your turn will come by and by."

"How long will I have to wait?"

"Depends on circumstances. All these gentlemen are ahead of you. You see that fat man over there?"

"I see him."

"He's good for an hour when he gets inside. You'll follow him, that is, if Mr. Barker isn't called to attend a directors' meeting."

"I can't wait here an hour," snorted the lady.

"Then you'll have to call again. Four o'clock would be a good time—to catch him out," added Dick, under his breath.

"Will you take my card in to Mr. Barker, and tell him my business is of the greatest importance?"

"Certainly, ma'am."

She opened her reticule, took out a card with "Hannah Beakes" inscribed on it, and put it in Dick's hand. He knocked on the private room door and was told to come in.

"Mrs. Beakes is outside, sir. Can't shake her. Says her business is of the greatest importance. Told her she'd have to wait her turn, but she objected strenuously, and asked me to bring her card in."

"That woman is an infernal nuisance," remarked the broker to the gentleman with whom he was engaged. "Get rid of her somehow, Dick. I can't see her."

"All right, sir," and the boy glided outside.

"Mr. Barker is very sorry, ma'am," he said to the lady, "but he's got to go over to his bank to see about a check. If you wait outside in the corridor you might catch him on the way to the elevator."

She was still walking up and down there impatiently five minutes later when Dick hurried out with a note in his hand to a party in the Mills Building.

Dick caught the elevator and was soon on the street. More than one broker nodded pleasantly to the boy as he hustled along, for those who knew him liked his cheerful face and found him always polite and gentlemanly in his business dealings with them. Dick lived in Harlem with his mother, one sister, who was a stenographer

in a downtown office, and his invalid father. Mr. Merriton was an artist, but hadn't been able to earn any money for several years, so the support of the family devolved entirely on the son and daughter, who came to the front like a little man and woman. The note that Dick carried on this trip to the Mills Building was addressed to an old lawyer, named Samuel Littleton, on the twelfth floor. This gentleman's principal business was to look after estates of well-to-do people. The lawyer employed a bookkeeper, an office boy and a stenographer. When Dick walked into the outer office the bookkeeper and the office boy were not visible. Miss Adams, the stenographer, smiled at the young messenger and told him that Mr. Littleton was engaged with a visitor.

"Well, you can take this note in to him, can't you, Miss Adams, and see if there's an answer?" asked Dick.

The stenographer took the note, opened the door of the inner room and entered. Then she uttered a low scream and fell to the floor in a faint. Dick saw her fall as he glanced after her through the partly open door.

"Good gracious! What's happened to her?" he ejaculated.

As no one stepped forward to pick the unconscious girl up, which the boy thought exceedingly strange, he believed the emergency justified him in entering the room. He did so. As he stooped to reach Miss Adams his attention was attracted by a startling scene to the left. A fierce-looking, wild-eyed man had Mr. Littleton by the throat, and the lawyer appeared to be at his last gasp.

CHAPTER II.—Dick Saves Lawyer Littleton's Life and Nearly Loses His Own.

Dick straightened up, leaving the stenographer to recover or not from her faint, and sprang to Mr. Littleton's assistance. The lawyer's assailant released his grip on the old gentleman and turned with a snarl upon the boy. Dick avoided the talon-like fingers thrust forward to seize him by dropping on his knees, grabbing the man around the legs and jerking him off his balance. His head struck on the edge of the lawyer's desk, and he fell to the floor dazed, but still full of fight. Dick jumped upon his chest, pressing both his knees upon the man's arms, and then finding that he could not hope to master him without taking strong measures, he began pummeling him in the face. The fellow proved a hard customer to down, in spite of the slugging he was receiving. By a violent effort he succeeded in dislodging Dick from his chest. Then he tried to grab the boy by the throat. Dick saved himself by catching the man's two wrists and pinning his arms down. In this way they struggled about on the carpet for several minutes, the fellow appearing to grow stronger and more dangerous every moment. The longer the struggle went on the worse it was for the young messenger. Fortunately the bookkeeper, who had been sent on a special errand, returned to the office at that moment. He heard the racket in the private room and saw the stenographer lying unconscious where she had fallen. Seeing that something was decidedly wrong inside, he rushed in and beheld his employer stretched back in his revolving chair like

a dead man, and on the floor a boy and a desperate-looking man struggling for the mastery.

"What's the meaning of this?" he exclaimed.

Dick caught a glimpse of his face.

"Help me, Mr. McIntyre," he cried out. "This man is crazy and is trying to kill me."

Mr. Intyre lost no time in grabbing the frenzied man just as he succeeded in getting one of his hands on Dick's neck. The bookkeeper was big and powerful, and he soon tore the fellow away from the boy, but he had a whole lot of trouble holding him.

"Get his hands behind his back, Mr. McIntyre," said Dick.

Between them they succeeded in doing this, then the boy got the man's handkerchief out of his pocket and tied his wrists together while the bookkeeper held him down on his face. After that they let him roll and struggle impotently about on the floor, the froth issuing from between his set lips, and his livid, bloodshot eyes glaring fiercely at them.

"Now, tell me what's the trouble?" asked the bookkeeper. "What happened to Mr. Littleton? He seems to be in a bad way. I'll have to telephone for an ambulance, I'm afraid."

"I found that man in here choking him. We must try and bring him to his senses. I'll get some water."

Dick rushed for the lavatory and fetched a glass of water. He and Mr. McIntyre worked over the old lawyer with considerable vigor and at last succeeded in bringing him to consciousness. Dick then turned his attention to Miss Adams, and soon had her on her feet again. Leading her to her desk, he did his best to soothe her excited nerves.

"Oh, dear, oh, dear, I never had such a shock in my life!" she said, tremulously. "That man seemed to be killing Mr. Littleton."

"Well, he didn't kill him, Miss Adams. Mr. Littleton is all right, or nearly so, now. Mr. McIntyre and I have got the man fixed so he can't do any more harm. Who is he, and how did he get to see Mr. Littleton?"

"He came into the office a little while ago and asked for Mr. Littleton. Eddie showed him into the private room just before he went out. That's all I know about him. He must be a dreadful man to attack poor old Mr. Littleton."

"He's as crazy as a March hare," replied Dick. "That's what's the matter with him. Why, he nearly did me up, too, when I followed you into the room and interfered to prevent him from completing his murderous work."

"Why, your face is all scratched and bleeding," said the girl.

"His nails did that. He gave me the fight of my life, and if Mr. McIntyre hadn't come in when he did I am afraid he would have mastered me. He seemed to be as strong as a bull."

At that moment the bookkeeper appeared at the door and called Dick in. Mr. Littleton looked something of a wreck as he sat back in his chair. He smiled faintly at the young messenger.

"I judge from what Mr. McIntyre has just told me that you interfered in time to save my life. I assure you that I am very grateful to you, and I am sorry that you got into trouble yourself through your plucky conduct," said the lawyer, faintly.

"I am very glad I appeared here in time to

help you," replied Dick. "Who is that man, and how came he to call on you?"

"His name is Hardy. He's the heir-at-law of a large estate which I am administering through the probate court. Owing to a mental derangement brought about by dissipation I had to have him sent to a sanitarium. Complete separation from his customary haunts and habits brought about an apparent cure, so that at his urgent appeal I was induced to apply for his discharge last week. He has been out of the sanitarium five days, and as far as I could see he seemed to have fully recovered his normal condition. When he called a while ago, and sent in his name, I received him in here as I would any one with whom I had business. He shook hands with me in a friendly way, and there wasn't a sign about him to warn me of what was coming. Our interview had hardly begun, and I was explaining matters connected with his estate, before he began to show some signs of excitement. He demanded to know if I intended to return him to the sanitarium. I said 'no,' whereupon he said he had been told that I was having him shadowed by a detective. I denied this, for it is not true. He then began abusing me for causing his confinement in the sanitarium. I told him I had done so for his own good. This answer only seemed to add fuel to his excitement. He cursed me, swore I should never have him confined again, and then sprang upon me with an insane fury that startled me. In a moment his fingers were about my throat. I struggled desperately with him, tried to call out, and finally lost my senses. I knew no more until I found you and Mr. McIntyre rubbing my hands and bathing my face. I recognize that I had a narrow escape, and that I would have been a dead man but for you, Merriton."

"What shall we do about this man now? Send for the police and have him removed to Bellevue?" asked Mr. McIntyre, pointing to the heir-at-law where he lay upon the floor, with a cunning leer on his handsome countenance.

"I am afraid there is no other alternative," replied the lawyer. "He is too dangerous to be permitted to remain at large. It is too bad, for he was a fine man before his brain became affected."

The bookkeeper went to the 'phone and communicated with the nearest police station. While he was thus engaged Dick saw the envelope he had brought on the floor where it had been dropped by the stenographer. He picked it up and handed it to Mr. Littleton. The lawyer read it and told him to tell Mr. Barker "all right."

As soon as Mr. McIntyre returned to the room, Dick said he'd have to go unless Mr. Littleton wished him to remain. The lawyer said he would not detain him longer, thanked him once more for what he had done for him, and the young messenger departed.

CHAPTER III.—What a Banana Peel Brought Dick Merriton.

When Dick returned to his own office he told Mr. Barker that Lawyer Littleton said "all right" in answer to the note. Then he told the broker about the exciting experience he had had in the lawyer's office, and how Mr. Littleton had

nearly been choked to death by the crazy heir-at-law of an estate he was putting through the probate court.

"You had a narrow escape, Dick," said Mr. Barker. "You may thank your stars that you have only a few scratches to show for your desperate encounter. An insane man is always a particularly dangerous antagonist when his mania takes a homicidal turn. Mr. Littleton will doubtless be grateful to you as long as he lives."

Dick walked outside and sat down. He picked up a copy of a Wall Street daily and began to read the latest financial intelligence.

"If I had \$100 I'd slap it into C. & O. on margin," he said to himself. "That stock is going up before long just as sure as the sun shines. It's lower now than I ever remember seeing it before. I'll bet there are a lot of people loading up with it at its present figure. It's too bad that I haven't got a little spare cash. I have missed a lot of good things, not to speak of tips, because I was unable to back them. I wonder when I'll see \$100 that I can say is my own?"

The buzz of the bell behind his chair told Dick that Mr. Barker wanted to see him, so he rushed into the private room.

"Take this note over to Mr. Jenkins at the Exchange," said the broker.

"All right, sir," replied Dick.

He got his hat and was off like a shot. When he reached the railing in the Exchange that kept the messengers from intruding on the floor he asked an attache to find Mr. Jenkins for him. While waiting for the broker to show up, Dick watched the animated scene presented before his eyes. He saw quite a crowd around the C. & O. standard, and noticed that a prominent broker was occasionally buying good-sized blocks of the stock.

"I knew it was bound to go up soon," said Dick to himself. "It's hard that I can't get in on a good thing like that. Who knows but Broker Mandelbaum is acting for some syndicate, and that there may soon be a regular boom in that stock? Such things are cropping up in various stocks every month in the year. If I could only get a start I believe I could make money out of the market. I've noticed that my judgment is pretty good about those stocks I have kept track of. I can generally tell when they're going to rise, and when they're going in the other direction. That is as good as having a grip on the market. But it doesn't do me any good, just the same."

Just then Mr. Jenkins came up to the railing, took the note from his hands, read it and nodded "all right."

That was Dick's dismissal, and he left. As he started to cross Broad Street he stepped on a banana peel. This particular banana peel had evidently been lying in wait for the first unsuspecting shoe that stepped in its direction. That shoe belonged to Dick, and the next moment the treacherous peel had performed its diabolical mission and landed the boy in the gutter, an object of ridicule to all the boys in the immediate vicinity. Dick alighted on his left elbow with force enough to make him understand that there are softer things in the world than Belgian blocks. A sympathetic bootblack ran up and helped him on his feet, while several newsboys gathered about him with grinning countenances. The bootblack,

noticing a rather dirty blue envelope near the curb, and thinking Dick had dropped it, picked it up and shoved it into his hand. Then he proceeded to brush the young messenger off.

"Thanks, Micky," said Dick, recognizing the urchin. "When I get rich I'll give you a steady job shining my shoes."

Then he hurried away with the envelope in his hand. He was half-way back to the office when the envelope attracted his notice.

"How the deuce did I get that?" he said, looking at it curiously. From the feel there was something in it bulkier than a mere note, and the boy saw that it was sealed, but no writing on the outside.

Wondering what was in it he was about to tear it open when a messenger named Tom Hurley, who had witnessed his mishap, came up and slapped him on the back.

"Hello, Merriton," he grinned. "I see you are givin' free acrobatic exhibitions on the street now."

Dick didn't like Tom Hurley, and the latter's remark didn't make him feel particularly happy.

"What's the matter with you?" growled Dick.

"Nothin'; but it was enough to make a hoss laugh to see you tryin' to stand on your head without holdin' on to anythin'."

"Don't get too gay, Tom Hurley, or you may find yourself trying to stand on your ear without holding on to anything, either."

"Who'll make me stand on my ear?" asked Hurley, aggressively.

"I think I could make you if I took a notion to," replied Dick, dropping the envelope in his pocket. "You're the chap who fired a rotten apple at me the other day."

"Me fire an apple at you? You're dreamin'!"

"I saw you sneak into the doorway of the Smith Building after you did it. I suppose you thought nobody had spotted you. Now, I advise you not to do it again or there's liable to be trouble. Understand?"

Dick's resolute demeanor evidently intimidated Hurley, who, though burlier than Merriton, lacked real pluck.

"Aw! You make me sick!" sneered Hurley. "I s'pose you think you can lick me."

"I'm not thinking about the matter at all. I'm only just advising you to leave me alone in the future. That's all I've got to say to you."

Thus speaking Dick walked off, leaving Hurley in no amiable frame of mind. When the young messenger took his seat in the waiting room he thought about the blue envelope again. He took it out of his pocket and tore one end open. Then he inserted two fingers, felt a wad of paper and drew it forth. He gave a gasp of astonishment when he saw that he held a bunch of money in his fingers.

CHAPTER IV.—The Mechanical Mouse.

Dick gazed at the money like one in a dream. He opened it out and counted the bills—there were seven \$100 notes.

"Gee! What a find! Seven hundred dollars. I wonder who lost such a bunch of money?"

He looked the envelope all over, inside and out, but not a scrap of writing was there about it. The bills were new ones that had apparently never

been in circulation. Dick returned the money to the dirty blue envelope and put the envelope carefully away in his pocket. In a few minutes he was sent out on another errand. Later on he was sent to the Exchange again and there he saw another broker buying C. & O. shares when he could get them.

"I wish that \$700 I found were mine, I'll bet I'd soak it on C. & O. I consider that stock a safe risk, and a winner at that," said Dick to himself.

When he got home that afternoon he surprised his father and mother with a sight of the contents of the blue envelope.

"I got hold of that through slipping up on a banana peel," he said, with a grin.

Then he explained how the envelope came into his possession, through the agency, as he believed, of Micky Dooley, a bootblack.

"If Micky ever heard that he handed me over \$700 that he might have kept himself he'd have a fit," laughed Dick. "I'm going to watch the lost and found columns of the papers in the morning to see if it's advertised for. If it isn't I'll figure that the owner has given it up as gone for good. In which case it'll be as good as mine."

Next morning Dick looked the lost and found advertisements over, but there was no mention of a lost blue envelope with \$700 in new bills in it.

"I guess this money is mine, all right," he said. "But I mustn't be too quick jumping at conclusions. It may be advertised to-morrow, or the day after. However, I think I can afford to take a risk on it. I'll put it up on 150 shares of C. & O. If I win out, as I feel it in my bones that I will, I'll get a good stake out of the money, anyway. I'm entitled to something for restoring that \$700 if I ever find the owner, and I don't ask anything more than a chance to use it just now to my advantage."

So at the first chance Dick got that morning he went around to a little bank in Nassau Street, that did a brokerage business for small investors, and planked the \$700 down as margin for 150 shares of C. & O. at the ruling price, 46. On his way back to the office he saw a street fakir selling a mechanical mouse toy. The man was winding up one of his mice while he talked glibly to the spectators. When the winding-up process was completed he placed the toy on his cuff and immediately the mouse ran up his coat sleeve, and he caught it as it was going over his shoulder. Then he placed it on the sidewalk and it ran between his legs and fell over the curb. Dick thought what a fine joke it would be to play one of them off on his sister's pet Maltese cat. The price of the ingenious toy was ten cents, and while Dick was looking on several people bought them. Dick followed their example. When he reached the corridor on which his office was he took the mouse out of its box, wound it up and set it down on the marble floor to see if it worked all right. It did, and looked as natural as life.

He had hardly taken his seat before the door opened and Mrs. Beakes came in. She looked like a woman bent on business.

"Is Mr. Barker in?" she said sharply, glaring at Dick.

"I think he went to a directors' meeting, ma'am," he plied the boy, politely.

"I don't believe it," she snapped. "Aren't those two men waitin' to see him?"

"I don't know, ma'am. I just came in and I didn't ask them."

Just then the door of the private room opened and a visitor came out.

"There, I knew he was in. Directors' meetin', indeed!" she sniffed. "Take my name inside at once. I want to see Mr. Barker on particular business."

"Certainly, ma'am," and Dick walked into the private room to notify the broker that Mrs. Beakes was outside again, and that she looked full of fight.

"Tell her I'm busy," said Mr. Barker.

"I reckon you ain't too busy to see me," piped a voice at the door.

Dick and the trader turned to see Mrs. Beakes' vinegary countenance thrust in at the opening.

"Well," replied Mr. Barker, visibly annoyed, "I can't give you over five minutes, madam."

"Are you goin' to a directors' meetin'? she said, walking to the chair beside his desk.

Her tone was sarcastic and Dick could have sworn that he heard her chuckle in a dry way, though there wasn't the ghost of a smile on her countenance. The boy retired outside. When the five minutes were up by the clock he took the mechanical mouse out of his pocket and knocked on the private room door.

"Did you ring, Mr. Barker?" he asked, stepping into the room.

"No, Dick. Will you tell Mr. Hollis I'll see him in a moment?" replied the trader.

"Yes, sir."

Dick dropped his handkerchief on the floor. Stooping to recover it he placed the mouse on the rug and released it. It made straight for Mrs. Beakes. Her sharp eyes discovered it at once, and with a shriek she jumped from the chair and dashed through the door into the waiting room.

The cashier of the establishment happened to be approaching the door at that moment with his hands full of papers. The boarding house mistress struck him full tilt and both went down together on the floor. The lady scrambled on her feet and began to express her opinion of the cashier in a very loud key. All the customers in the room looked on and felt highly amused. Most of them knew the lady by sight and also by reputation. The cashier recovered his papers and apologized, though he did not consider himself to blame. Dick, in the meantime, had picked up the mouse. Mr. Barker had been astonished at the lady's outcry and the remarkable agility she displayed in leaving the room. Dick was about to explain when the racket in the outside room attracted their attention. The boy ran to the door to see what the trouble was about and found the lady going for the cashier with her tongue. When he saw what excitement he had caused with the toy he concluded to say nothing about his agency in the matter, though he was sure the broker would not call him down for getting rid of his undesirable customer.

So he dropped the mouse into his pocket, went up to Mr. Hollis and told him that Mr. Barker was ready to see him. Soon after the door closed on that gentleman the sound of laughter was heard through the keyhole, and Dick guessed that Mr. Hollis was telling the broker about what had occurred outside. By this time Mrs. Beakes, having said all she wanted to, make a bee-line for the

door opening on the corridor and disappeared through it.

CHAPTER V.—How Dick Came Out On C. & O.

The cashier, who felt that he had not figured to any great advantage before the customers of the house, entered the private office with a very red face, while Dick picked up a newspaper and hid his grinning face behind it.

"I hope that will keep Mrs. Beakes away from here for some time to come," he said to himself. "She made a show of herself that time, and I should think she'd be ashamed to show her nose in here again. But you can't tell anything about people of her make-up. She's just as likely to come in here to-morrow as not."

Under the cover of the paper he replaced the mechanical toy in its box and returned it to his pocket just as Eddie Gray, Lawyer Littleton's messenger, entered the room with a letter and package in his hand.

"Hello, Eddie," said Dick. "I s'pose you want to see Mr. Barker? He's engaged at present, but will be at liberty in a few minutes."

"I don't come to see him, but to see you," said the boy.

"To see me, eh? What about?"

"Mr. Littleton told me to give you this letter and this box."

Dick looked at the letter in some surprise and say that it was addressed to him. The box also had his name on it in the lawyer's handwriting.

"What did he send me these for?" asked Dick, much puzzled.

"How should I know? Read the letter and you'll find out, I guess."

Dick tore open the envelope and glanced over the enclosure, which ran as follows:

"My dear young friend: I send you herewith a small token of my appreciation of the valuable service you did for me yesterday. I trust you will be pleased with it, and that you will find it as useful as it is ornamental.

"Your sincere friend, Samuel Littleton."

Dick opened the package and found a flat, oblong, pasteboard box. Removing the cover he beheld a silver-mounted alligator wallet, with the monogram "R. M." engraved on a small silver plate near the catch.

"That's a fine pocketbook, all right," said Dick.

"Bet your life it is," replied Eddie. "That's what you get for doing my boss a favor. He says you're the finest boy in Wall Street."

"You heard about what happened at your place yesterday, did you?"

"Sure, I did. Why wouldn't I? Nellie told me all about it. Say, Dick, I think she's kind of mashed on you," grinned the boy.

"Get out! What are you giving me?" said Dick, flushing up for to tell the truth he rather admired Mr. Littleton's pretty stenographer.

"Well, she's always talking to me about you. She says you're awfully good-looking and the politest boy she's ever met. She told me yesterday afternoon that you brought her out of her fainting spell, and was real nice to her."

Dick then opened the wallet and in one of the compartments he found a brand-new \$100 bill.

"One hundred dollars!" exclaimed Eddie. "You're rich!"

Dick knew that it was customary for anybody presenting a pocketbook to put at least a bright penny in it for luck.

"Luck seems to be coming my way at last," he said to himself after Eddie had gone. "If C. & O. turns up trumps, too, I'll be right in it."

When it was time for him to go home he took a look at the tape to see how his stock was getting on, and was delighted to find that it had already gone up a whole point since he bought it. Next day C. & O. began to attract attention at the Exchange, and quite a number of transactions were recorded, the price going to 49. Dick carried a message to Withers & Co. that afternoon, and he went up in Bob Browning's elevator.

After delivering his message he waited for Bob's elevator as it came up, went to the roof with him, and finally finished his story about the crazy man on the trip down.

Next morning when he was sent to the Exchange about eleven o'clock he found a lot of excitement on the floor. He soon discovered that C. & O. was booming and had already gone up to 52. While he was detained at the rail he saw 54 posted on the big blackboard, and he felt tickled to death.

"I guess I'd better sell out now that I'm about \$1,200 ahead of the game," he thought, "for it might go the other way as suddenly as it has advanced. I didn't calculate that it would go much above 50."

He had a message to take back to the office and couldn't go to the bank. When he got back Mr. Barker rushed him off with three messages that were important. In one of the offices he visited he heard two brokers talking about C. & O.

One of them said that it looked as if there was a syndicate behind it, in which case it was likely to go as high as 65, or over. The conversation encouraged Dick to hold on to his stock a while longer. In any case, he found no chance to go to the little bank on Nassau street until after the Exchange had closed for the day. The last transaction in C. & O. recorded was 600 shares at 62. For fear that he wouldn't find an opportunity next day to get rid of his shares he visited the bank on his way home and left word with the margin clerk to sell his holdings in the morning. His 150 shares went at the opening price of 62 3-8, and on the following morning he got a statement and a check for about \$3,150.

With the \$100 he had received from Mr. Littleton that made him worth all together \$3,250, which was a considerable sum for a messenger boy.

He was prepared to hand over to the owner the \$700 he had found in the blue envelope, provided he could discover that person, but there seemed small chance that he ever would, for he had failed to find any advertisement relating to it, though he looked at the papers every day. When he went home that night he handed his mother \$250.

"Why, what is this, Dick?" asked Mrs. Merri-ton, looking at the money.

"That's yours, to do with as you wish."

"Mine!" ejaculated the surprised little woman.

"Yes, mother."

"Will you explain how it happens to be mine? Did you find the owner of the \$700, and is this what he gave you for returning him the money?"

"No, mother. I haven't found the owner of the \$700, and I don't believe I ever will now."

"Then this is part of that money?"

"Not exactly, though the \$700 helped me to make it."

"I'm sure I don't understand you, Dick," she said, in a puzzled tone.

"Well, mother, I took a chance in the stock market with the \$700, and I made—how much do you think?"

"How could I tell?"

"I made \$2,450."

"It can't be possible!" exclaimed his astonished mother.

"Here's the proof of it—a certificate of deposit in the Nassau street Bank for \$3,000. You see it's made out in my name."

"And do you mean to say you are worth \$3,000?"

"That certificate says so, doesn't it?"

"Go in and tell your father, right away. Maybe he'll understand it. It seems incredible to me."

When Dick told his father all the particulars of his C. & O. deal, and showed him the certificate, he understood the situation and congratulated his son on his good luck.

"What are you going to do with that money, Dick?"

"Make more with it."

CHAPTER VI.—Dick Buys Some Mining Shares.

After supper Dick put on his hat and coat and went around to Prof. Gannon's gymnasium to exercise and take a lesson in boxing from the professor's assistant, Patsy Hogan. He expected his friend Bob Browning to drop in and have a go with him with the gloves, and as Bob was a good one, their set-tos were generally lively affairs. Dick had just finished his lesson when Bob appeared.

"Come here, Dick, I want to tell you something," he said, leading Merriton over to a seat where they could be by themselves.

"Well, what is it, Bob?" asked Dick, with some interest.

"Can you use a pointer on the market if I give it to you?"

"A pointer!" exclaimed Dick.

Bob nodded.

"It's a good one," he said.

"How do you know it's good?"

"I'll tell you. I suppose you know Billings, the broker. His firm has their office in our building."

"I know of him. He's one of the solid men of the Street."

"He came into my elevator to-day along with a lawyer whose office is on the fourteenth floor. They were the only passengers I had that trip up, and Billings went up to the fourteenth floor with the lawyer."

"Well?" said Dick.

"On the way up they talked together in a low

tone, but I heard enough to know that Billings is getting up a syndicate to boom D. & L."

"Sure of that, are you?" asked Dick, eagerly.

"Positive. He told the lawyer to buy as many shares of D. & L. right away as he could afford, and that he'd make a good thing out of it inside of two weeks. Now, if you can raise some money I'd advise you to do the same. Billings said the stock would rise about 20 points as soon as they had cornered the available supply."

Dick asked Bob a number of questions, some of which he was able to answer, while some he couldn't throw any light on. However, Dick learned enough to satisfy him that Bob had actually got hold of a valuable tip, and he determined to use it right away. Next morning he looked up D. & L. in the market report and found that it was going at 58. He found a chance during the morning to slip up to the little bank and order 300 shares to be bought for his account. He was tempted to put up all his money on 500 shares, but decided that would be taking too big a risk.

Two days after Dick bought D. & L. it was down to 56, representing a loss to him of \$600. On the third day the price fluctuated a good bit, finally closing at a half of a point lower still. Next day, however, it picked up and went back to 58. As Dick went almost every day to the King Building he kept Bob informed as to what was doing in D. & L. Bob asked him several times how many shares of the stock he had been able to buy, but Dick wouldn't tell him.

Three days later D. & L. was going at 60. It was about this time that a seedy-looking man came into the office, just as Dick was going home for the day, and asked for Mr. Barker.

"He's gone to Lakewood, where his family is stopping this winter, and he won't be at the office till ten to-morrow," said Dick, not taking much stock in the visitor.

"He buys mining stock, doesn't he?" asked the man.

"Have you got some for sale?"

"Yes."

"What is it? I don't believe Mr. Barker will touch it unless it's one of the standard mines. It wouldn't pay him to do so."

"It's the Mohawk Central."

"Is it listed on the Goldfield Exchange?"

"Yes."

"All right. I'll look up the recent market reports and see how it's ruling."

Dick went into his employer's private room where he knew Mr. Barker kept the reports of the Western exchanges on file.

He had to look back six days before he found a quotation of Mohawk Central. It was quoted at 15 cents. He looked back further and found that the stock had sold at 18 cents. Further back still there were quotations of 25 and 35 cents. The stock had evidently been dropping steadily in price. Dick came back and told the caller that there wasn't one chance in fifty that Mr. Barker would bother with it.

"How many shares have you for sale?"

"Five thousand."

"It was worth about \$750 a week ago, but, judging from the slump in it I should think it isn't worth over \$500 to-day."

"It's a good mine," insisted the man.

"I don't care how good it is. Even if it should

be quoted to-morrow at 10 cents it's hardly likely you'll be able to sell it at that price. Better see some Curb broker. He might be able to sell it for you."

"But all the city exchanges are closed," said the caller. "Business is over for the day. I want to raise some money to-night."

"I'll loan you \$50 on your shares if they're all right," said Dick. "I'll agree to hold them a week to give you a chance to redeem them."

"Maybe you'd like to buy the stock outright? It ought to be worth \$500. But, as I'm in urgent need of ready money, I'll let it go for \$300 cash. If you haven't the money perhaps you and the clerks would make a pool and buy the shares. You could sell the stock to-morrow at a profit of twenty-five per cent."

"You have the stock with you?"

"Of course," replied the caller, drawing from his pocket an oblong envelope, out of which he took five certificates for 1,000 shares each in the Mohawk Central Gold Mining Co., of Paradise, Nevada, made out in the name of Alexander Badlam. Dick glanced them over.

"Is your name Alexander Badlam?" he inquired of the visitor.

"It is."

"How long have you had this stock?"

"Ever since the mine was put on the market. It is treasury stock, as you can see. Each of the certificates cost me \$100. At one time the shares almost reached their par value of \$1. I could easily have sold them for 90 cents. I didn't need money then, and held on to them, expecting they would go to \$3 or \$4 a share."

"When the price slumped why didn't you sell the stock? It was quoted at 35 cents in the market report of six weeks ago."

"For several reasons. I had confidence in the mine and believed that the value of the stock would go up again in time. In fact, I still believe that any one who will buy and hold these shares will make a good thing out of them eventually."

"Why don't you wait till to-morrow and offer them to some Curb broker? You might be able to get \$500."

"Because \$300 now would be as good as \$600 to-morrow."

"Well, take a seat, Mr. Badlam. I'll show the certificates to our cashier and see what he thinks of them."

Dick went into the counting room.

"Will you look at these certificates, Mr. Sheldon, and let me know if, in your opinion, they are genuine?" said Dick to the cashier. "A man who says he is Alexander Badlam, the owner of them, is outside. He wants to sell them at a price below the presumed market value. I looked up the Goldfield market reports and find that the stock has been steadily dropping in price. Mr. Badlam, if that is really his name, told me that he could have sold them at one time for 90 cents a share. The latest quotation I could find is 15 cents, and that's a week old. I guess the shares are not worth 10 cents to-day, if they are worth that."

"What does he want for the stock?" asked the cashier.

"He offered it to me for 6 cents a share."

"Humph! The certificates seem to be genuine. Go to the phone and call up the Mining Exchange. If the secretary hasn't gone home ask him if he can give you any particulars about the Mohawk

Central. Give him the numbers and Mr. Badlam's name. The certificates may have been stolen."

So Dick went to the phone, got connected with the Mining Exchange, but found that all the officials had gone away. He could learn nothing from that source.

He then called up the office of a big curb broker, got the broker on the wire and asked him about the stock.

"I'll give 7¼ cents for a small quantity of the stock, but I'm not particularly anxious to buy it. There is no call for it of late, and it would have to be offered considerably below its market value," he said.

Dick reported what he had learned to the cashier.

"Tell the man to come in to-morrow morning and see Mr. Barker," said Mr. Sheldon.

"He wants to raise \$300 this afternoon on that stock."

"He can't raise it here. Send him over to Mr. Hayden. He seems willing to buy it for 63-8 cents. That'll give him \$37 more. I doubt, however, if Hayden will buy the certificates from a stranger."

Dick returned to the visitor.

"I'm afraid I can't do anything for you, Mr. Badlam," said the boy. "I have communicated with a big curb broker, and the most he would give for the certificates is 6¾ cents a share. We don't know you, and it isn't customary to purchase such certificates from strangers. I'm willing, however, to let you have \$100 on them, the balance to be paid you to-morrow if everything is all right. I am making this offer on my own responsibility."

The visitor showed his disappointment.

"I've letters here from Goldfield to prove that I'm Alexander Badlam. I must raise \$300 to-day, or I'll lose a good opportunity to make money."

"Where are you stopping?"

"Mills Hotel No. 2."

"Are you registered there as Alexander Badlam?"

"I am."

"Let me see your letters."

The visitor produced several. Dick looked them over. They seemed to establish the man's identity as Alexander Badlam.

"All right," said Dick, "I'll take a chance and let you have \$300 for the stock."

Dick got him to make out a bill of sale for the stock and then took him up to the little bank on Nassau street and drew \$300 on his certificate of deposit.

Mr. Badlam then took a Broadway car and Dick went home with the mining stock in his pocket.

CHAPTER VII.—Dick Makes a Bunch of Money In D. & L.

Dick wondered on his way home whether he had done a foolish thing after all in buying the Mohawk Central stock from a total stranger.

Next morning the boy brought the certificates downtown and showed them to Mr. Barker, telling him how they had come into his possession.

"It was very foolish of you to invest your little money in that stock, Dick," said the broker

"I thought you were sharper than to do such a thing as that. While Mohawk Central once attracted some attention in the mining market, the mine has since failed to realize the expectations based on its early output. Unless new developments come to light it is more than probable that it will be dropped from the mining exchanges and then the stock will have no speculative value, which means that nobody will care to buy it. I'll write a letter to the secretary of the Mining Exchange about it, and you can take it over now. If you can get what you paid for it, or a small advance on it, you'd better get rid of it, and keep your hands off such stuff in the future."

"Mr. Mayden, of No. — Bond street, offered \$337.50 for it over the phone yesterday afternoon. It was practically on the strength of that I made the deal."

"Then if I were you I'd let him have it, unless the secretary of the Exchange has something encouraging to say about the mine."

Mr. Barker wrote the note and handed it to Dick.

"Get back as soon as you can," he said.

"Yes, sir," and the young messenger started for New street at a rapid clip.

The secretary of the Exchange was in his office and he read Dick's note.

"There hasn't been a sale of Mohawk Central recorded in a week," he said. "The last quotation was 15 cents. I doubt, however, if the stock could be sold on the curb, or in Jersey City, to-day for over half that. It might fetch 10 or 12 cents a share in Goldfield, if a purchaser turned up. Until fresh developments occur in the mine its speculative value will be problematical."

"Are there any prospects of improvement in the mine's output?" asked Dick.

"The mine is being worked right along. The management is trying to recover the lost lead. If they find it, or a new vein of good paying ore, the stock will naturally rise in value, proportionate to the demand for it on the market."

"I knew a person who has just bought 5,000 shares of the stock for \$300," went on Dick. "Don't you think it would pay him to hold on to that stock on the chance of the mine panning out later on?"

"On such a small investment as that I certainly would advise the holder of the shares to keep them. He cannot lose much by doing so, and he may make a good thing out of the stock by and by."

"Here is a memorandum of the five certificates in question, each for 1,000 shares, made out in the name of Alexander Badlam. The seller claimed to be Mr. Badlam. Should you ever learn that the stock was stolen you can communicate with Mr. Barker. Here is his card."

"I will make a note of the matter. Who bought the stock?"

"Richard Merriton."

"Tell Mr. Merriton to write to the offices of the company at Denver and have the transfer made on its books. If there is anything wrong about the transaction he will hear from the secretary of the company."

That closed the interview, and Dick returned to the office and reported what he had learned to Mr. Barker.

"Are you thinking of holding on to the stock?" asked the broker.

"Yes, sir," replied Dick.

The trader shrugged his shoulders and turned to his desk. That day Dick, while out on an errand, heard three brokers talking about D. & L.

From the substance of their conversation the boy judged that they entertained a strong suspicion that there would be something doing in the stock soon. At any rate, D. & L. advanced to 61 5-8 that day. Dick's last errand that day was to carry a package of bonds to Mr. Littleton's office. The lawyer received him very graciously and talked quite a little while with him. On his return to the outer office, Dick stopped at Mr. McIntyre's desk to exchange a few words with him and then he went over to the stenographer's table.

"Good-afternoon, Miss Grant," said Dick.

"Good-afternoon, Mr. Merriton," said Nellie.

"Why don't you call me Dick? Nobody calls me Mr. Merriton. It sounds awfully odd to me."

"I suppose I could call you Dick, but in that case you mustn't call me Miss Grant. That's just as formal as calling you Mr. Merriton."

"I'd just as soon call you Nellie, if you didn't object."

"Oh, I don't object," she replied, with a coquettish glance in his face.

"I suppose you didn't see the wallet that Mr. Littleton sent me for saving him from that crazy heir-at-law?"

"No, I did not."

"Well, it's a beaut. Here it is. I found a \$100 bill in it, too."

"Isn't it a handsome one!"

"Almost too handsome for a messenger boy to carry around. That was my lucky day, for I found \$700 in an envelope on the street about an hour after I left here."

"Is it possible!" she exclaimed, opening her pretty eyes. "Did you find out who the money belonged to?"

"No. There wasn't a bit of writing or any other clue about it. Nor it wasn't advertised, either."

"Then the money belong to you," she said.

"Apparently it does. At any rate I took the liberty of using it as a margin on a stock deal I put through, and I made \$2,450."

"You did!" she exclaimed in astonishment. "You made as much as that?"

"I did. Now I've used part of that money in another deal, and if my calculations don't go wrong I'll make \$4,000 or \$5,000 more."

"I hope you will be very successful."

"Thank you. I think I ought to send you a box of candy on the strength of my first deal, if you will permit me to. May I?"

"You are very kind to suggest it. If you wish to do so I won't refuse to accept it."

"All right. Are violets your favorite flower? I see you are wearing a bunch of them. Is that a present from your best fellow?"

"No, indeed," she replied, with a blush. "I have no best fellow."

"Wouldn't you like to have one?"

"Why, what a question!" she said, looking somewhat confused.

"I thought maybe I could fill the bill till you got somebody you liked better."

Nellie flushed to her hair, but said nothing.

"We're good friends, anyway, aren't we, Nellie?" he said.

"I hope so," she replied.

"Well, I've got to get a move on. I'll send you the candy at the first chance I got. Good-by," he said, holding out his hand.

"Good-by," she said, giving him hers, and flashing a look in his face that made his blood flow quicker. "I hope to see you soon again."

"You will if I can find a chance to get up here," he replied.

Next day he sent her a box of the best chocolates and a big bunch of violets by an A. D. T. messenger. Two days later the Exchange was thrown into great excitement by the sudden rise in D. & L. shares. The stock appeared to be so scarce that there seemed to be no doubt in the minds of the brokers that it had been cornered. A concerted bear attack on the stock failed to accomplish anything and D. & L. soared triumphantly to 75, at which figure Dick sold out his shares, clearing \$5,000.

CHAPTER VIII.—A Trick that Worked Two Ways.

Dick wrote to the office of the Mohawk Central Gold Mining Co., in Denver, giving a memorandum of his certificates and asking to have the stock entered in the company's books in his name. He also asked for some information about the mine. In due course he received a reply stating that the transfer had been made. The secretary also spoke encouragingly about the prospects of the mine, assuring Dick that the slump in the price of the shares would only be temporary.

Dick showed the letter to his employer.

"Sounds encouraging," said Mr. Barker, "but you must accept such statements with a grain of salt. At present Mohawk Central has a very black eye. There are few sales on the Western exchanges, and none that I've heard of East. It was last quoted at 12 cents, but I doubt if you could get 6 for it on the curb."

"I don't care," replied Dick. "I can afford to keep it indefinitely."

"I am glad to hear that your finances are in so flourishing a condition," replied the broker, with a tinge of sarcasm in his tone.

It sounded strange to him to hear a messenger boy speak so lightly about a \$300 investment that had so doubtful a future. But then he didn't know that Dick was worth \$7,700 independent of the Mohawk Central stock. Had some one assured him of that fact it would have been a great surprise to him.

Dick sent Nellie Grant a note telling her he had made \$5,000 out of his latest deal, and requested her to keep the fact strictly to herself. He did not fail to send a two-pound box of candy and another bunch of violets with the note. He also surprised Bob Browning by presenting him with a \$100 bill.

"Why, how can you afford to give me so much?" asked Bob, regarding the bill with a doubtful sense of proprietorship.

"That's my business, Bob. Just put the money in your pocket and say nothing."

"You must have got hold of enough money to buy fifty shares at least of D. & L."

"If it will do you any good to know, I will tell you that I had more than fifty shares."

"How in thunder——" began Bob, but Dick choked him off.

"That will do now. Change the topic, please."

"But I'd like to know——"

"There are lots of things people would like to know that they never learn about. You've got your \$100, so choke off."

About a week later Dick heard two brokers talking about M. & N. stock.

"You won't make any mistake in buying 1,000 shares, Abe," said one.

"On what ground?" asked his friend.

"I have it on the best authority that the company has secured control of the D., B. & A. That means a monopoly of the business between Memphis and Nashville. As soon as the fact gets out on the Street there will be a rush to buy the shares before they get too high. If you want to make a good haul get busy right away—a few hours may make a heap of difference in the price of M. & N."

Dick didn't hear any more, but he was interested enough in what he heard to look M. & N. up when he got back to the office. It was ruling around 65. That afternoon on his way home he stopped in at the little bank and left an order for the purchase of 1,000 shares of the stock. He had to put up \$6,500 margin.

"You're getting to be quite an operator, Meriton," said the margin clerk. "Does your boss know that you speculate?"

"That's a question I must decline to answer," replied Dick.

The clerk laughed and handed him his memorandum.

The next morning as Dick was walking down New street with a message to a broker on Exchange Place he saw Tom Hurley and two companions come out of an office building. Tom noticed Dick hurrying toward them and he said something to his associates in a low tone. Taking a stout cord from his pocket he handed one end to one of his friends, who immediately stooped down near the wall of one of the buildings, while Tom and the other chap sat down on the curb. The cord was allowed to lie across the pavement.

Dick thought the actions of the three decidedly suspicious, particularly as he had reason to know that Hurley bore him no good will.

"I wonder what game they're up to?" Dick asked himself as he rapidly drew near the three lads. "If Tom Hurley tries any larks on me I'll make him look two ways for Sunday before I let up on him."

He didn't notice the cord, but he kept his eyes skinned for trouble. They made no move of that kind as he passed between them, but Hurley and the boy against the wall suddenly raised their hands about a foot. In a moment Dick felt himself tripped up and flying through the air.

He was as active as a cat, however, and came down on his hands and knees.

Hurley and his friends uttered a shout of derisive laughter and started to run. The former, in his eagerness to escape the possible consequences of an encounter with Dick, forgot that there was a stairway close at hand leading down to an A. D. T. messenger's office.

The result was that he plunged head first down into the opening. All that saved Hurley from a broken neck was the fact that the manager of the place, a man weighing about 200 pounds, was

coming up the stairs at the moment. Tom hit him squarely in the stomach, and both of them went rolling to the foot of the steps in a heap. Hurley's neck was wrenched and his shins badly barked, while the manager had sprained one of his arms.

By that time Dick was on his feet and full of fight. Tom's two companions had already placed a safe distance between themselves and the scene of trouble and had quit running. They hadn't seen Hurley's header, and were wondering where he had got to. Neither had Dick witnessed Tom's dive, but he was attracted to the head of the steps by the racket he heard down there. Then he saw the young rascal's plight, and his anger changed to a grin of satisfaction when he saw Hurley nursing his injured jaw and at the same time trying to escape from the grasp of the manager of the messenger office, who was about as mad as any man could well be. Dick couldn't quite understand what had happened, but the fact that his enemy was in trouble was balm to his ruffled feelings. The manager didn't dally long with Hurley. He cuffed him two or three times, and finally gave him a kick that sent him flying back up the stairs, on which he landed, sprawling on all fours.

Dick was satisfied that Hurley was getting all that was coming to him so he decided not to add to the young rascal's discomfiture, as he scorned to strike any one who was not able to hold his own.

Leaving Tom to pick himself up and escape from a bad box he continued on his way rejoicing.

On his way back to the office he almost ran into Hurley, who was limping down Exchange Place, looking like a wreck.

"Hello, Tom Hurley," he chuckled, "been having a scrap with an automobile? You look all broke up."

Hurley dodged as though he thought Dick was going to hit him.

"What did you dodge for?" grinned Dick. "Did you think a safe was falling on you?"

"Go to blazes!" snarled Hurley, with a vindictive glare in his eyes.

"It doesn't seem to pay you to get gay with me," said Dick. "If you hadn't got into trouble on your own hook I'd have knocked the daylights out of you. I wouldn't advise you to work any more gags like that on me, for if you do you're liable to go to a hospital for a month."

With these parting words the young messenger walked off, quite satisfied that, for the present at least, Hurley had been punished enough.

Two days later the news came out on the Exchange about the M. & N. road having secured control of the D., B. & A. line.

That started a kind of high jinks on the floor, the brokers piling over one another in their eagerness to get hold of M. & N. shares. Those who knew in advance what was going to happen had secured so much of the stock at the prevailing figures before the announcement that there was very little left for outsiders to fatten on.

In an hour the price of M. & N. went from 65 5-8 to 72. It was going around 73 when Dick ordered his 1,000 shares sold, and they were snapped up in a twinkling. After going half a point higher the price dropped back to 70 under selling orders.

Dick, however, took no further interest in the

fate of the stock after he was out of the running, and he waited for his statement to confirm his own estimate of a profit of \$8,000.

CHAPTER IX.—Dick Refuses A Flattering Offer For His Mohawk Central Mining Shares.

When Dick got his check from the little bank he found he was worth \$15,000. During the day he turned the check in to the bank, got \$600 cash and a certificate of deposit for the balance. The \$600 he took home and handed over to his mother, telling her that he had made some money in the stock market. Of course she was delighted to hear that he had been lucky again, and the \$600 looked like a small fortune to her.

A month passed away and Dick, while attending faithfully to his duties as messenger in Mr. Barker's office, kept a sharp watch also on the stock market.

One Saturday afternoon after business was over for the week and he had been paid off, he went over to the King Building to meet Bob, who got off at half-past one. They walked down to the Hanover Square station of the elevated railroad and took a third avenue train for Harlem. Two well-dressed men entered the car behind them and took seats next to Dick. One of them the boy recognized as a well-known broker. Both boys had early editions of afternoon papers and were soon reading them. Presently Dick heard the broker say to his companion:

"Did you buy H. & O., as I told you to?"

He didn't catch the other gentleman's reply, but he heard the broker say:

"You'd better act on my tip right away, for you won't get such another chance to double your money in a hurry. A week from to-day the stock will be 15 points higher as sure as you're sitting in that seat. I've got my information from headquarters, and you can rely on the fact that it's genuine. You haven't any time to lose, Morris, if you want to be one of the lucky winners, for the news of the consolidation will be public property between this and Wednesday. I'm in this thing to the extent of 10,000 shares, and if I could have handled any more I should have bought them. I expect to make a cool \$150,000. If you are wise you'll put every cent you can raise by hook or by crook into H. & O. with as little delay as possible."

The other gentleman drew an old letter from his pocket and began to make figures on the back of it.

"Well, if it continues to rule around 70 on Monday I'll be able to buy 3,000 shares at any rate," he said. "And possibly I may be able to put up enough collateral to get out another 500 on Tuesday."

"You can safely hold on for 85," said the broker. "When it reaches that price sell out. It will probably go higher, but I would not advise you to run the risk of an unexpected slump because there was more profit in sight. Close out at 85."

The men talked a while longer about H. & O. and then branched off on another subject. They left the car at the Fifty-ninth street station, and Dick nudged Bob's arm.

"Hello, what is it?" asked Browning.

"I've caught on to a pointer," replied Dick, in a low tone.

"A pointer? What kind of one?"

"A stock pointer, of course."

"How?"

"You saw those two gentlemen who just got out, didn't you?"

"No, I didn't notice them. What about them?"

"One is a broker. I think his name is Steinfeldt. The other is a close friend of his. I heard the broker tell his friend that if he wanted to get in on a sure winner he must buy H. & O. right away."

"He said that, did he?"

"Yes, and a whole lot more that convinced me that H. & O. is well worth going the whole hog on."

"Then you are going to put your money in it, eh?"

"I am, and I advise you to do the same. The stock is going at 70 now. You've cash enough to put up as margin on 115 shares. The broker says it will surely go to 85. There's a chance for you to make \$200 as easy as if you picked it up on the street."

"I couldn't get away from my job to keep track of a stock deal," replied Bob.

"Let me have your money between this and Monday morning, and I'll attend to it for you. I'll work it in connection with my own deal."

"All right," replied Bob, promptly. "I'll fetch the cash around to your house to-morrow afternoon. I should be only too happy to make \$200, bet your boots."

True to his promise, Bob brought the money to Dick on the following day, and at the first chance he got Monday the young messenger invested nearly all his funds in 2,000 shares of H. & O., and at the same time he bought 15 shares of the stock for his friend Bob.

That afternoon when he returned to the office about three after carrying the day's deposits to the bank, he found a well-dressed man, with a sunburned countenance, waiting in the office.

"Are you Richard Merriton?" the stranger inquired, sizing the boy up with some curiosity.

"That's my name," replied Dick.

"I believe you bought a block of Mohawk Central mining stock from Alexander Badlam a few weeks ago?"

"I did."

"Do you want to sell it?"

"I am not particularly anxious to do so," replied Dick.

"I am looking around for some of it, and would give 15 cents a share."

"Did Mr. Badlam send you to me?"

"No. I learned from the secretary of the company that you had purchased the 5,000 shares held by Mr. Badlam. I got your address from him, as I was coming East, and so I dropped in to see if you wanted to sell the shares."

"I should think you could have gotten all you wanted out West."

"So I could, but I believed I could buy it cheaper in New York, as there seems to be no market for it here."

"The figure you offer me are the latest quotation on the Goldfield Exchange. That is not trying to buy it cheaper."

"Then it has dropped since I reached this town?"

"I have seen no higher quotation than 15 cents since the stock came into my possession. We get the Western market reports in this office right from the Mining Exchange. I have been looking to see it go to 20."

"Mining shares are very uncertain things to hold for a rise," said the stranger.

"If you are willing to give 15 cents I guess I can afford to keep the stock."

"The stock isn't really worth 15 cents a share, but for reasons that I do not care to explain it will pay me to give that for it. You probably would not soon be able to get such another chance to sell your shares at a profit."

"How do you know but I gave more than 15 cents for the stock?"

"I didn't suppose you gave more than 10 cents at the outside, because that was what it was selling at about the time the transfer was made on the company's books."

"Well, I won't sell at 15 cents," replied Dick, decidedly.

"What do you want for it?"

"I haven't thought about the price."

"Couldn't you set a figure?"

The man's persistency aroused Dick's suspicions that perhaps some valuable discovery had come to light in the mine, and that this stranger had been sent East to pick up the stock that was known to be held in New York City and vicinity.

"No," replied Dick. "Mohawk Central once sold for 90 cents. It may go to that again."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed the man, impatiently. "The mine has ceased to be a profitable producer, and will hardly go above 25 cents, if it should get that high."

"Will you give 25 cents?" asked Dick, suddenly.

"No, but I'll tell you what I'll do, I'll give you 20."

"I don't care to sell the stock."

"Are you holding out for 25?"

"I am holding out for a strike in the mine, and the chance of it going to \$1 at least."

The stranger looked disgusted.

"You'll be disappointed," he said, emphatically.

"If I am, that will be my own funeral. I got the stock cheap and can afford to hold on to it indefinitely."

"Then you won't accept my offer?"

Dick shook his head.

"Will you take 25 cents a share?"

"No, sir. I won't take 50 cents."

"Then we can't do business?" said the stranger, who seemed loath to go.

"Not unless you're willing to pay \$1 a share, and then I might consider your offer."

"Young man, when you turn down 25 cents you are turning down a good thing."

"Perhaps, but I can't understand why you are willing to pay 25 cents for stock that you ought to be able to get on the curb to-morrow morning for half that—that is, if there is any to be got."

The stranger looked annoyed at Dick's pertinent remark and he hastened to say that he had been looking around for the stock for several days without finding anybody who had any for sale.

"You knew, however, all the time that I had 5,000 shares, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"Then it's a wonder you didn't look me up at first."

"I intended to, but mislaid your address."

Dick had an idea that the visitor hadn't told the exact truth.

"Well, I'm sorry, but I have decided to hold on to my stock."

"You won't sell for 25 cents?"

"No."

"I'll give you 30."

"It's no inducement," replied the boy, now fully satisfied that there was something in the wind about Mohawk Central that was not generally known.

"There's my name and address. I shall be at the Astor House until next Thursday. If you should change your mind before then let me know."

"I will," replied Dick.

The stranger then wished him good day and took his departure.

CHAPTER X.—Dick Makes A Big Haul.

When Dick reached home he told his father about the stranger who had called at the office that afternoon and offered him 30 cents a share for his Mohawk Central stock.

"Thirty cents!" said his father. "That's quite an advance over what you paid for it. Did you accept his offer?"

"I did not."

"Then the price has gone up, has it? I have not heard you mention anything about the stock since you bought it."

"It has gone up to 15 on the Goldfield Exchange, but I couldn't get that for it on the curb if I wanted to sell it."

"Then why did you refuse 30 for it from that man? Didn't he have the cash to back his offer?"

"I didn't ask him whether he had the money or not, but I suppose he wouldn't have made the offer if he wasn't prepared to pay for it if I took him up. I didn't accept his offer because if the stock is worth 30 to him I guess it's worth 30 to me. In other words, father, it is my opinion that there has been a new lead discovered in that mine the news of which may send the price to 50 or over. Otherwise why should he be willing to pay double the present market value for it? It's my opinion he has been quietly buying up all the shares he can find in the hands of the mining brokers at whatever figure he could get it for, and finally he called on me to get the 5,000 shares he learned I bought of Mr. Badlam."

"You may be right, Dick," said his father reflectively.

"Whether I'm right or not I'm willing to take a chance on it. The stock only cost me \$300, so I can easily afford to hold on to it as long as I choose. I can't lose more than the \$300, while I stand to win several times that amount if my surmise is correct."

Next morning Dick told Mr. Barker about the stranger and his offer of 30 cents a share for Mohawk Central.

"Do you mean to say that he made you a bona fide offer of 30 cents for that stock?"

"So I took it to be."

The broker looked the mine up on the previous day's Goldfield report.

"That's singular. There was a sale of 6,500

shares on the Goldfield Exchange yesterday at 15 cents. Did you take him up?"

"No, sir."

"Why not?" asked the broker in surprise.

"Because I believe it is worth more than 30."

"How can it be when the market price is 15?"

"I have an idea that the market price is likely to be nearer 50 than 15 in a short time."

"Upon my word, young man, you are developing an extraordinary foreknowledge of the value of mining stock," said Mr. Barker, sarcastically.

"Are you gifted with second sight?"

"No, sir, but I believe I can see through a millstone when there's a hole in it."

"Indeed! Perhaps you will tell me on what ground you base your idea that Mohawk Central, a comparatively dead security, is likely to advance in price to 50?"

"Well, sir, that gentleman didn't look at all crazy, and only a crazy man would have offered double the market price for a stock unless he had some inside information which warranted him in giving such a figure. It is my opinion that either the lost lead or a new vein of good paying ore has been discovered, and that the people aware of the fact are trying to buy in all the stock that's cut at as low a figure as they can get it before they let the information get out. I paid so little for those shares that I am going to see the thing through. At the outside I can't lose more than \$300."

"Your deduction is very clever, young man, and may be correct, but a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush. Thirty cents a share means a profit of \$1,250 on your investment, which is a very handsome profit, and I may add a very handsome sum for a messenger boy to be worth."

"I've known messenger boys to be worth more than that, sir."

"Have you, indeed? You are probably ambitious to become one of the wealthy ones, eh?" said the broker ironically.

"Yes, sir. I think money is a good thing to have."

"If you think so you ought to have accepted that man's offer of \$1,500 for your Mohawk Central stock."

"Then you think I acted foolishly in refusing to sell at 30?"

"If the man really meant business, I do."

"But how do you account for him making such a liberal offer?"

"It is quite possible he is acting for parties who wish to secure a majority of the stock of the company for the purpose of getting control of the mine. The 5,000 shares you own might come near filling the bill, and consequently it would be to the interest of his principals to pay you double the value of the stock in order to get it. Such instances frequently occur."

"Well, I have his name and address. He told me to send him word if I changed my mind. I'll consider the matter between this and next Thursday."

Dick left the room, but though he thought the matter over before he was sent out on his first errand, he did not think he was likely to change his mind. That afternoon H. & O. advanced two points, and after he got off he went around to the

King Building and told Bob that his stock was worth \$30 more than he had paid for it.

"That's fine," replied Bob Browning. "And how much more is your stock worth?"

"The same as yours, of course, \$2 a share."

"I know, but I meant altogether."

"That's one of my business secrets. If I told you how much more I'm worth to-day than I was yesterday morning you might have a fit, and that wouldn't do at all," chuckled Dick.

"One would think you had a big bunch of the stock from the way you talk. I don't believe you've got over 300 shares at the outside."

"Don't you, Bob? You have a right to your opinion, at any rate."

"I don't see any reason why you shouldn't tell me just how many shares you have got," said Bob, in an aggrieved tone.

"Supposing I told you I had 2,000 shares, would you believe me?"

"Don't talk nonsense. If you told me that you had 500 I'd take your word for it, though, it would be pretty hard to swallow."

"All right, Bob, we'll let it go at that," laughed Dick, and a few minutes later he left the elevator and started for home.

Next day was Wednesday, and Dick looked for something to come out about H. & O. He was not disappointed. On his second visit to the Exchange about noon the announcement of the consolidation of another road with H. & O. was made, and the chairman had hardly finished reading the communication which had been sent him than the brokers made a rush for the H. & O. standard, where a big broker had been bidding for the stock at intervals since the Exchange opened. While Dick stood at the railing, his worldly wealth increased at the rate of \$2,000 at a clip for several minutes. When he saw 77 posted up on the blackboard, which indicated that he had doubled the amount he had at stake, he grabbed a messenger alongside of him and began to waltz around the space behind the railing as though he were crazy.

"Hey! Dern you, leave me alone!" cried a familiar voice, and then he woke up to the fact that he had hold of Tom Hurley.

Dick dropped him like a hot coal and came back to earth. The broker he was waiting for came up to the railing at that moment and he handed the note to him that he had brought. The trader read it and told him there was no answer, so Dick hurried back to his own office wondering if H. & O. would go up to 85 that day.

It went to 83. On his way home he stopped in at the bank and told the clerk to instruct their representative to sell out his 2,000 shares and Browning's 15 next morning at 85.

The stock reached that price inside of fifteen minutes after the Exchange opened, and when Dick reached the messengers' entrance at a quarter to eleven with a note to Mr. Barker's representative it was going at 88. Dick's profit on the deal footed up \$29,250, making him worth close on to \$45,000, and it is little wonder if he felt like a fighting cock. As for Bob Browning, he was in the seventh heaven of delight when Dick handed him the sum of \$315, representing a profit of \$205.

CHAPTER XI.—Dick Goes Into Business On His Own Account.

"Say, pop," said Dick that evening at the supper table, "I'll bet you can't guess how much I'm worth at this moment."

"You were worth \$15,000 something over a month ago."

"That's right," replied Dick.

"Have you been working another successful deal?" asked his father, with not a little interest in his tones, while Dick's mother and sister looked at him with an air of expectation.

The family had come to regard Dick as an uncommonly smart boy, and one who was pretty sure to succeed in life. The fact that he had made \$15,000 that year so far out of the \$700 he found in the blue envelope made him the most important factor in the little household. They had gotten over feeling surprised at anything he might accomplish.

If his 5,000 shares of mining stock had suddenly become worth \$50,000 they would not have been greatly astonished, for he had told so many stories about people getting rich on mining stock that they half expected he would make a fortune out of his.

"Yes, father. I got hold of a valuable pointer last Saturday. I backed it to the extent of \$14,000. I bought it at 70 on Monday morning and yesterday morning I sold it at 85, clearing a little over \$29,000, consequently, I'm now worth \$44,250."

The family looked at Dick in surprised silence.

"I think I've worked long enough as a messenger boy, good folks," he went on, "so I've decided to resign my job and go into business on my own hook. I think 'Richard Merriton, Broker,' would look very well on a frosted glass door. At any rate, I'm going to have it put on one. In the meantime I think it will be well for mother to look for a better flat, in a more stylish neighborhood. I am able to support the family now in good shape, and sis needn't work any more unless she wants to."

Dick's little speech created considerable excitement at the supper table, and after the family realized that the young man of the house meant business, and was in position to make his words good, they began to make their plans for the immediate future. Dick gave Mr. Barker two weeks' notice of his intention to leave. The broker was surprised and offered to raise his wages if he would stay, but the boy declined his offer with thanks. Dick drew all his money from the little bank on presenting his check, hired a box in a safe deposit vault and stowed it there for safe keeping.

During his last week's stay with Mr. Barker he broke in the new messenger, who was a distant relative of the trader, and had come from the country to begin life in New York. On the following Monday he looked around for a small office, and found one in a big Wall Street building next door to the King office building where Browning was employed. He had not told Bob anything about the change he was contemplating, as he wanted to give him a big surprise. He found he couldn't get the office he had picked out without getting somebody to guarantee the rent.

"What's the matter with me paying you the five months' rent up to May 1 in advance?" he said to the agent of the building.

"Well, that's something, of course, but still I must have a good reference, anyway."

"I can refer you to Mr. Samuel Littleton, a lawyer, in the Mills Building."

"Very well. I'll call on Mr. Littleton some time to-day. I'll hold the office until to-morrow morning at ten o'clock."

Dick was satisfied with this arrangement, and he decided to see Mr. Littleton right away and let him know how he was fixed and what he wanted the office for. Accordingly, he started for the Mills Building. He found the lawyer in and was immediately admitted to his private room.

"Good-morning, Mr. Littleton," he said.

"Good-morning, Merriton," said the lawyer, shaking hands with him. "Take a seat."

"Mr. Littleton, I have taken the liberty of giving you as my reference," said Dick. "I want to hire an office in the Globe Building and the agent said it would be necessary to furnish reference as to my desirability as a tenant, so I gave him your name and he said he would call on you some time to-day."

"Have you left Mr. Barker?" asked the lawyer, evidently surprised.

"Yes, sir."

"And may I ask what you intend to do with an office?"

"Open up as a broker, sir," replied Dick, coolly. Mr. Littleton stared at him.

"As a broker?"

"Yes, sir."

The lawyer was clearly a bit staggered.

"Are you really in earnest, Merriton?"

"I am, sir."

"Did you have any trouble with Mr. Barker?"

"No, sir. He offered to raise my salary if I'd stay, but I didn't care to."

"You left of your own accord, then?"

"Yes, sir."

"With the view of opening an office yourself?"

"Yes, sir."

The lawyer drummed on his desk and regarded Dick rather quizzically.

"You are rather young and, I should think, inexperienced to branch out in this way, don't you think?" asked the lawyer, as considerately as he could. "Then it takes quite a little capital to run the business."

"I may be young, but I'm ambitious to make a start in life. Perhaps I'm not so inexperienced as you may think. As to capital, I've nearly \$50,000 which I made myself out of the stock market in the last few months."

"You have a capital of nearly \$50,000?" ejaculated the lawyer.

"Yes, sir. If you have the time to listen I'll tell you how I got my start, and how I made the money."

Mr. Littleton nodded, and Dick told him how he had found the \$700 in the envelope on the same afternoon he had saved the lawyer from being strangled by the crazy heir-at-law; what he had done with it, and the particulars of his three subsequent deals, the last of which had recently panned him out \$29,000.

"If I can do as well as that, under a messenger's handicap, I think I can do better now than

"I have both time and a good capital at my disposal," he concluded. "At any rate, I'm going to try. Of course I hardly expect to get customers right away, but while speculating for myself I'm going to make myself known, so that when business does begin to come my way I won't be such a new thing."

Dick and Mr. Littleton had quite a lengthy conversation, and when the boy rose to go the lawyer promised to put in a good word for him to the agent. Of course Dick wouldn't think of leaving the office without having a talk with Nellie Grant. He astonished her with his announcement that he was about to open up as a Wall Street broker, and said he would expect her to give him a call as soon as he had his office in a shape to receive visitors.

She laughingly assured him that she would not fail to take advantage of his invitation.

"Come around Saturday. You get off about noon, I believe. My sister has promised to call about that time, too. I'll introduce you to her. She's very anxious to meet you. Then we'll go out and have lunch together."

Dick wrote the floor and number of the room he already considered as good as his, and gave her the paper.

"You won't disappoint me, will you?" he said, earnestly. "I sha'n't consider that I'm fairly launched in business until you have christened the office by your presence. I look upon you as my mascot, Nellie, so you mustn't go back on me."

"I will come unless something should prevent me doing so," she replied, with a smile.

"Thank you. I will look for you."

Then he left the office and went up on Nassau Street to see a dealer who made a specialty in office furnishings. Next morning he called on the agent of the Globe Building promptly at ten. He was told that the office was his, and that he need only pay one month's rent in advance, which he did and got his receipt and the key of the office. He lost no time in making his arrangements about furnishing it with a desk, a safe, a rug, some water-color pictures, and such other articles as he would require. He left an order for printing and stationery at a house on Broad Street, and then went to see about having a ticker installed and a telephone put in. On Wednesday afternoon a painter put his name on the door, with the words "Stocks and Bonds" underneath, and Dick regarded the sign with considerable satisfaction. On Thursday he wrote an advertisement and paid for its continuous insertion in two of the Wall Street dailies.

He also put a similar advertisement in an evening newspaper that was largely read by people interested in Wall Street. On Friday morning he received his printing, books and stationery, and now considered that if any business came his way he was ready to grapple with it, for he had made an arrangement with a young broker he knew, who was a member of the Stock Exchange, to put through any orders that he secured, and allow him a part of the commission. That afternoon he walked next door into the King Building and waited for Bob's elevator.

"Hello, Dick," said Bob. "Bound for the sixth floor, as usual?"

"Not this time. I'm just going up for the ride. I've got something to tell you."

"What is it? Another tip?"

"No. Do you think you can stand a surprise without getting an attack of heart failure?"

"What kind of a surprise are you going to spring on me?"

"I want you to meet me at Room 416, in the Globe Building, next door, to-morrow when you get off. Will you?"

"Sure, I will. Whose office is it?"

"You'll see when you get there. Write the number on your cuff so you won't forget it."

Bob did so, and soon after the elevator touched the ground floor again and Dick got out and left the building. Next day at half-past twelve Edith Merriton, Dick's sister, appeared at her brother's office.

"What a nice, cozy little place you have here, Dick!" she exclaimed, enthusiastically. "And you appear to be all ready for business, too."

"Sure thing. I call this my sheep-shearing den. I've got a nice, sharp pair of shears in my desk for the first innocent lamb that wanders in here."

"I don't quite understand you."

"Don't you know that the lambs come to Wall Street to gamble—b-l-e, not b-o-l. See the point?"

Edith laughed.

"When a lamb gambles he risks his fleece. All the brokers keep a pair of sharp shears to relieve them of their wool. Sometimes the brokers use the shears on one another, when they can. The sharper the shears, or the broker, the more wool gets into his safe. I expect to fill that safe full in the course of time."

"What a funny boy you are," laughed his sister. "May I see your shears?"

"No. We never exhibit them till we need them in our business."

"Dicky, dear, you're a big fraud."

Just then the door opened and in walked Nellie Grant. Dick sprang up and ran over to welcome her. He brought her over to the window and introduced her to his sister. The girls took an immediate fancy to each other, and were soon chatting together like old friends, much to Dick's satisfaction. Suddenly Dick heard an exclamation outside in the corridor, then the door opened and Bob walked in.

"Suffering Jupiter! What does this mean? 'Richard Merriton, Stocks and Bonds.' Have you gone into business for yourself?"

"I have," replied Dick.

"Well, if you haven't a nerve! When did you leave Barker?"

"Last Saturday?"

"The dickens! And you never told me anything about it!"

"I wanted to surprise you."

"You have, or I'm a liar."

"Come over and I'll introduce you to the young lady who's talking to Edith."

The four were soon talking together.

"Well, it's time we went out to lunch," said the young broker at length. "Bob, you will do the honors for my sister, while Miss Grant, I guess, will accept my escort. This lunch is on me as a sort of christening of my new office, so I hope you'll all do justice to it."

"Bet your life I'll hold my end up," chuckled Bob.

Dick piloted the way to a nice restaurant in Beaver Street, and when they were seated at one of the tables he ordered the best spread the house could produce. As the girls were both unusually pretty and vivacious they attracted considerable attention, and many of the gentlemen at the other tables rather envied Dick and Bob because they were enjoying the society of such charming companions. The young people spent an hour in the restaurant, and then Dick paid the bill with the air of a capitalist. They walked up as far as the Brooklyn Bridge together, where they parted, Dick escorting Nellie to her home in Brooklyn and Bob taking Edith up to Harlem.

CHAPTER XII.—Dick's First Customer.

Dick appeared at his office at half-past nine Monday morning, gazed complacently at his name on the frosted glass pane, unlocked the door and entered.

"It's fine to be your own boss. No more hustling about the district with notes to this broker or that, breaking your neck trying to make time when your employer is in a particular sweat to get a communication delivered. Now, if I have a deal on I can watch it. I can keep my eye on the market all the time. I don't see how I ever managed to put my deals through so well. It must have been that luck ran my way."

On the floor lay a copy of each of the Wall Street dailies in which Dick had his advertisement running. He picked them up, and seating himself at his desk began to read the latest financial and general Wall Street intelligence. At half-past ten he went over to the visitors' gallery of the Exchange, where he remained watching the brokers and the trend of the market till he felt hungry, when he went to lunch. That was about the way he passed his time for the next three or four days. Nobody disturbed him when he was in the office, and his account books remained untouched in his safe. Occasionally he unlocked the inner door of the same to take a look at the sum of \$4,000 that he kept there in case something turned up that would call for the expenditure of such a sum. The balance of his funds remained in the safe deposit vault. When he returned to his office Friday afternoon he found a letter on the floor where the letter carrier had shoved it through the mail slit in the door. It bore the postmark of Vineland, New Jersey. He opened it and found the following note in a woman's handwriting:

"208 Grove Street, Vineland, N. J.

"Richard Merriton, Broker.

"Dear Sir—I saw your advertisement in the 'Evening Lamppost.' I own some D. & G. stock that I would like to have you sell for me. At present it is in the possession of Withers & Co., stock brokers, of the King Building, who are holding it against my will because my stepfather has requested them to do so. But I will be of legal age tomorrow and intend to come to New York and demand it of them. I have learned that my stepfather, Mr. Peck, intends to fore-

stall me through a court order. I will therefore call at your office by eleven in the morning, and will ask you to accompany me to the office of Withers & Co., where I will make a demand for the stock in your presence. My stepfather's authority over me will cease at midnight to-night, so that Withers & Co. will have no right to hold the stock from me after that hour.

"Yours respectfully, Annie Burnside."

"This seems to be my first customer, and from the tenor of her note it looks as if my business might have a strenuous opening," mused Dick, as he read the note over again. "So, Withers & Co. are retaining her property against her will? Well, it is lucky she will be of age to-morrow, or she might not be able to get it. I wonder what the trouble is between her and her stepfather? If he reaches Withers & Co. with a court order before she can make her demand that will probably tie the stock up until the judge decides upon her rights. Now, I might get ahead of him and his court order if she could show that she had sold that stock before the order was signed by the judge. Her right to sell the stock after twelve to-night would be perfectly legal. If the sale is delayed until after ten to-morrow it may lead to complications that would deprive her of her rights for some time, though ultimately she would be bound to recover the stock if it really belongs to her. How can I manage to take time by the forelock? By taking an early train to Vineland, calling on her at her home and getting a bill of sale of the stock from her and an order on Withers & Co. for its delivery to me as the purchaser? Mr. Withers might refuse to let me have it because he knows me as Mr. Barker's messenger. However, I'm no longer Mr. Barker's messenger, but a regular broker myself. I have the right to buy any stock that I can pay for. D. & G. is gilt-edged stock, and I have noticed that it is going up. It would be safe enough for me to buy her shares at the market. Or I could make a pretended sale with her, giving her, say ten per cent. down and then send her the balance after I had sold it later on. At any rate, I'd like to help Miss Burnside out of her scrape, and I'll do it if I can."

Dick gave the subject his attention that afternoon and decided to go to Vineland early next morning.

He found he could get there at half-past eight, about an hour before the young lady intended to take a train for New York. He could transact the business within that time and she could come to the city with him afterward. Accordingly, he left home at six next morning, got a hasty breakfast downtown and caught the 7:20 train for Philadelphia, which stopped at Vineland. He rang the bell at 208 Grove Street at a quarter to nine, and asked the maid who came to the door to take his name to Miss Burnside. He was shown into a cozy little parlor and presently a pretty young lady came into the room. She held Dick's card in her hand and was surprised to see a good-looking boy instead of a full-grown man whom she expected to meet.

"Miss Burnside?" said the young broker, interrogatively.

"Yes. I presume Mr. Merriton sent you to see

me?" she said, sitting in a chair close to her visitor.

"I am Richard Merriton, broker, Miss Burnside."

She received this reply in some astonishment.

"Are you really the broker I wrote to?" she asked, in a doubtful tone.

"Yes, Miss Burnside, and after reading your letter I decided that it would be to your interest to see you as early as possible regarding the stock in question."

"Aren't you rather young to be a broker?" she asked, in a hesitating tone.

"Perhaps I look younger than I really am," replied Dick, diplomatically, for he knew that his mission would be a failure unless he could inspire the young lady with some confidence in his business ability, "but I assure you that I can do as well to assist you out of your trouble as though I had a full set of whiskers. I am acquainted with the firm of Withers & Co. that you mentioned in your letter, Miss Burnside."

"Are you, indeed?" she replied, brightening up.

"Yes. My object in coming to see you before you called on me was to propose a plan for side-tracking that court order which you anticipate that your stepfather intends to get out. You could not reach my office before eleven o'clock. Mr. Peck, by taking the eight o'clock train for New York, would have time to get the order and serve it on Withers & Co. before you made your demand on the firm for the stock. In this way your property would come into the custody of the court, and you would probably be put to some expense, as well as loss of time, before you could establish your rights to the securities."

"Mr. Peck did go to New York by the eight o'clock train," said the young lady, looking uneasy.

"Then you may depend on it that he went to secure that order. Tell me just what the trouble is about the stock, and then I will suggest a plan for checkmating your stepfather."

Miss Burnside said that her mother died nearly a year since, leaving her 200 shares of D. & G. preferred stock, valued at about \$80 a share.

Her stepfather had tried in various ways to get possession of the securities, on the ground that being under age she had no right to retain the certificates herself. She had refused to turn them over to him, and kept them hid where he couldn't find them.

A few days since, being close on her eighteenth birthday, she had carried the stock to New York and placed it in the hands of Withers & Co. to dispose of. Mr. Withers advised her that the price was likely to go up inside of a week, and that she had better not sell it until it advanced a few points. She agreed to this and a few days later she received a letter from the brokers stating that her stepfather, Mr. Peck, had visited their office and made a demand on them for the stock, stating that, as she was under age and subject to his authority, the securities could not be sold without his permission. Miss Burnside said she immediately wrote Withers & Co. to return the stock to her by registered mail, but this they refused to do on the ground that Mr. Peck had threatened to hold them responsible if they gave up the securities before he could institute

legal proceedings to get possession of the stock.

"The stock actually belongs to you, Miss Burnside?" said Dick.

"It does," she replied.

"And you are eighteen years old to-day?"

"Yes, since ten minutes after midnight."

"Very good. You have a legal right to sell it. Now, the plan I propose, if you feel that you can trust me, is to give me a bill of sale of that stock, with an order on Withers & Co. for the shares, signed in the presence of a witness in order to fix the hour of the sale. Then you can accompany me to New York and remain in my office, which is in the Globe Building, next door to the King Building, where Withers & Co. have their office, while I make a demand on Mr. Withers for the certificates. I expect to bring them back with me and then I'll advance you whatever money you want pending the actual sale of the stock, say in a few days, when it reaches a higher figure."

"Do you think you can get the shares for me that way, Mr. Merriton?" she asked.

"I can't guarantee to, but there is more chance of my doing it that way than any other," replied Dick.

"I am sure I can trust you, Mr. Merriton," said the young lady. "I will agree to your plan."

"Very well. If you get me paper and writing materials I will draw up the bill of sale at the current value of the shares, and also the order for the stock on Withers & Co., and you can sign them in the presence of the girl who let me in."

This was carried out, and then they had just time for Miss Burnside to get ready and accompany Dick to the station, where they caught the 9:20 train for New York.

CHAPTER XIII.—In Which Dick Secures the D. & G. Stock.

Dick found Miss Burnside a very interesting and intelligent young lady, and they got very well acquainted on the train to New York. He escorted her to his office, which they reached about eleven o'clock.

"Now I will run next door and try to get possession of your stock," said the young broker.

He handed her a morning newspaper to read and then left. Entering the King Building he caught Bob's elevator.

"Hello, old man," exclaimed Browning. "Where to now?"

"Withers & Co., sixth floor. I'm on a rather strenuous job, but I expect to pull out if I have to break a leg."

"How's that?" asked Bob, curiously, as he slammed the door and started upward.

"It would take too long to tell you. Just keep watch for me every time you go down. If you see me coming hotfoot let me aboard and keep anybody else out if you can."

"Why, what are you up to?"

"Business, Bob, but it's rather ticklish. Here we are."

Bob stopped the elevator, opened the door and Dick stepped out on the sixth floor. The office of Withers & Co. was only a few feet away, and

the young broker made straight for it. He was well known to the office boy, who greeted him warmly.

"I see you've left Barker," he said.

"Yes."

"Who are you working for now?"

"Myself."

"Yourself!" ejaculated the office boy, astonished.

"Yes. Is Mr. Withers in?"

"He is, but he's engaged."

"Who with, some broker?"

"No, with a gentleman by the name of Peck."

"Peck, eh? That settles it, I'm going in."

"Oh, I say you can't do that," remonstrated the office boy.

"Can't I? Well, just you watch me," and Dick brushed past him and walked into the private room.

"Mr. Withers," he said, walking up to the desk.

"Merriton!" exclaimed the broker in surprise, for he knew Dick had severed his connection with Broker Barker.

"Yes, sir. I've got an order on you."

"An order?"

"Yes, sir, and as I'm in a great hurry I took the liberty of coming right in."

"Well, where's your order?"

"Here it is, and there is my business card."

"Your what?" cried the broker, looking at the card. "'Richard Merriton, Stocks and Bonds, Room 416 Globe Building.' Well, upon my word, this is rich," and he began to laugh heartily. "So you're a broker now, are you?"

"Yes, sir. That's my business," replied Dick, with some dignity.

"Did you leave Barker to go into this farce-comedy business?"

"No farce-comedy about it, sir. I'm in business just the same as you are, except that I haven't a seat at the Exchange and your firm probably has more capital than I have—at present."

Mr. Withers roared again.

"This is the best thing I've heard in a coon's age. So you really are a broker, Merriton?" he said, with tears in his eyes.

"Yes, sir."

"Do you expect to make it pay?"

"I wouldn't have embarked my capital in it if I didn't think I could make it pan out."

"Pray, how much capital have you?"

"That is hardly a fair question, Mr. Withers, is it?"

The broker laughed again.

"Well, what can I do for you?"

"Read that order, please. It is from a customer of mine."

"A customer of yours, eh?" grinned the broker, immensely tickled at the idea of the boy, who was so recently a messenger, having a customer.

But a single glance at the order caused an immediate change in his countenance. He passed the paper to a tall, well-dressed man who sat alongside his desk, and whom Dick judged to be Mr. Peck, Miss Burnside's stepfather. When Dick entered the room he had seen Mr. Peck take an oblong wallet from his pocket, pick up two certificates of stock, which bore the name of the D. & G. railroad on the back, and place them in it, but he did not immediately return the wallet to his pocket, as he seemed to be waiting

for something else from Mr. Withers. When Mr. Peck read the order he got very red in the face.

"How did you get this order?" he demanded, harshly.

"I received it this morning from Miss Annie Burnside when I purchased the 200 shares of stock from her," replied Dick, coolly.

"You purchased the 200 shares of stock?" snorted the man, sneeringly. "Why you're only a boy."

"What has that got to do with it?"

"Everything. That stock is worth at the market price about \$10,000. Where would you get that amount of money to pay for it?"

"That's my business, sir. I have money enough to buy 500 shares of D. & G. if I wanted to buy it."

"Tell that to the marines, young man! However, that has no bearing on the case. My stepdaughter has no right to sell that stock to anybody. Here is a court order giving me possession of it as her guardian."

"That isn't worth the paper it's written on. You ceased to be her guardian at ten minutes after twelve last night, when she became of age. She had a perfect right to sell the stock this morning."

"You seem to know all about it, young man," sneered Mr. Peck. "Even admitting that she had that right, this court order forbids her to dispose of it until further notice."

"When did the judge sign that order?"

"This morning."

"At what hour?"

"What difference does that make to you?" replied Mr. Peck, sharply.

"A good deal. If you will tell me I'll explain."

"About twenty minutes past ten," replied the man, ungraciously.

"The order is valueless, then," replied Dick, triumphantly.

"How is it?"

"Because the stock in question was my property at that time, and the court had no jurisdiction over it. I bought the shares at nine o'clock this morning and I've got a bill of sale, attested by a witness, showing that I purchased them at that hour. You will therefore hand them over to me at once. If you refuse I will have you arrested for withholding property that belongs to me."

"Why, you young monkey, how dare you talk to me that way?" blustered Mr. Peck.

"Mr. Withers, you received that stock from Miss Burnside with instructions to sell it for her account. You notified her that you could not dispose of it, nor return it to her because her stepfather, this gentleman, ordered you not to do so. That was when she was still under age, and I do not question your right to act as you did. She became of age to-day and sold me the stock at nine o'clock at her home in Vineland, before the court order was issued. That stock became my property the moment she signed the bill of sale transferring all her rights in it to me. I leave it to you if Mr. Peck has the ghost of a claim on it? I demand the stock of you."

"I am sorry," chuckled the trader, "but the certificates, in pursuance to the order of Judge

French, which I am bound to recognize, have passed out of my possession."

"Mr. Peck, since you have the stock I request that you will hand it over to me," said Dick, turning to Miss Burnside's stepfather.

"I'd like to see myself doing so," he answered, laying his hand on the wallet.

"Then you refuse to hand it over to me?" said the young broker.

"I do, most decidedly."

"Very well, then I'll have to take it whether you like it or not."

With those words Dick snatched the wallet from under Mr. Peck's hand and started for the door.

"Here, you young rascal, give me back my pocketbook!" cried the man, springing to his feet and making a reach for the young broker.

Dick paid no attention to him, but kept on through the door, and thence to the door of the corridor. Mr. Peck sprang after him with Mr. Withers at his heels. At that moment Bob was coming down in his elevator. He heard the racket, saw his friend coming toward the shaft like a deer and divined that something was up, as Dick had intimated to him there was likely to be. He stopped the cage at once and threw open the door so that Dick could jump in, when it was his intention to slam the door in the face of his pursuers, although such an act would most probably have resulted in his immediate discharge. An accident, however, aided the escape of the young broker, and saved Bob from possible trouble. As the boy ran toward the waiting elevator, Peck, who was in advance, reaching out his arms to detain him, lost his balance and pitched forward. His head struck the corner of the elevator shaft and he rolled over insensible.

CHAPTER XIV.—In Which Dick Comes Out Ahead.

Dick sprang into the elevator, slam! went the door, and down shot the cage.

"What was the trouble, Dick?" asked Bob, in some excitement.

As he glanced at the wallet containing the stock it suddenly occurred to him that he had taken more from Mr. Peck than he had the right to. Dick opened the flap, took out the two certificates, which he thrust into an inner pocket of his jacket, and then held out the wallet to Bob.

"Return this to Mr. Withers on your up-trip. It belongs to a Mr. Henry Peck. All I took it for was to get possession of 200 shares of D. & G. stock which belongs to a customer of mine."

"I'll do it," answered Bob, as the elevator reached the ground floor.

He opened the door and Dick darted for the street entrance. Running into the Globe Building he took an elevator for the floor where his office was. He found Miss Burnside patiently awaiting his return.

"I've got the certificates," he said, holding them up; "but I had the deuce of a time getting hold of them."

"Have you?" she said, clapping her hands. "I'm so glad!"

"Your step-father, Mr. Peck, was in Withers & Co.'s office when I got there."

"Was he?" she exclaimed.

"He had an order signed by Judge French to get the certificates from Mr. Withers, and the broker had handed him the stock just before I entered the room."

"Then how did you manage to get it?" she asked, with great interest.

"I was compelled to snatch his wallet, in which he had put the certificates, and run for the elevator. Mr. Peck, Mr. Withers and the cashier gave chase, but I beat them out and got away. After I got the stock out of the wallet, I sent the book back to your stepfather by the elevator boy."

"My goodness! You must have had a hot time."

"I did for a few minutes. Now I expect they'll be up here after that stock. I told them that I owned the shares, and showed the bill of sale, but neither Mr. Withers nor Mr. Peck would admit my claim. Your stepfather even asserted that the whole thing was a put-up job between you and me. When they come here you will back my statement up, of course. The deal is really a genuine one, for you received \$1,000 on account, and I am ready to pay you the balance on the basis of \$80 a share. However, I've promised to remit you the additional amount I hope to get for the shares in a few days, deducting only my regular commission."

"No, Mr. Merriton, I won't listen to that," said Miss Burnside. "If you get a higher price you must retain the difference yourself to pay you for the trouble you have been put to to get possession of the stock."

"Very well, Miss Burnside, if you insist I shall be obliged to accept your terms," he said, reluctantly, for he didn't like the idea of profiting so much at the young lady's expense.

At that moment there was an imperative rap on the door.

"Come in," called Dick.

The door opened and in walked Mr. Peck, Mr. Withers, and a policeman.

"Arrest that boy," said Mr. Peck.

"Hold on," cried Dick. "What's your charge?"

"You stole my wallet."

"I merely took it down the elevator in order to get my certificates which you were trying to deprive me of. I sent your wallet back by the elevator boy."

"The certificates are mine, or, rather, they belong to my stepdaughter, not to you. You stole them from me and have them in your possession. Arrest him, officer!"

"I bought the stock from your stepdaughter, and here is Miss Burnside to answer for herself."

"That is right," said the girl, with some spirit.

"The stock belongs to Mr. Merriton. I sold it to him for \$80 a share, and he has paid me a part of the money. He had a right to take the stock from you if you refused to give it to him on my order and bill of sale."

"Well, you had no right to sell that stock without my permission," said Mr. Peck, angrily. "I have an order from the court entitling me to the stock and I insist that it be returned to me. Do you hear, young man?"

"Your court order amounts to nothing. At the time Judge French signed that order the stock had to all intents passed out of Miss Burnside's possession. I became the owner of it when I handed her the \$1,000 on account and she signed

the bill of sale. That happened at nine o'clock this morning, before you reached New York yourself, and more than an hour before the judge signed the order. The stock belongs to me and I'm going to keep it. That's all there is to it."

The policeman listened to the argument, and hearing the girl admit that she had sold the stock, he came to the conclusion that he had no right to interfere.

"Very well," replied Mr. Peck. "I'll see Judge French about the matter."

"Do so, by all means," answered the young broker. "I guess you'll find that I have acted within my rights."

"Where is the \$1,000 you received on account of your stock?" demanded Mr. Peck, turning to his stepdaughter.

"It is safe," she replied, defiantly.

"Oh, it is," he sneered. "And how about the balance due to you? Do you expect that boy to pay you \$15,000?"

"Of course."

"Where do you expect to get \$5,000?" Mr. Peck asked Dick.

"That needn't worry you. I've got the cash. If you or Mr. Withers are interested in my financial standing I refer both of you to Mr. Samuel Littleton, of the Mills Building. He will tell you something that will make your hair curl. Now, I shall consider it a favor if you gentlemen will withdraw and permit me to finish my business with Miss Burnside."

Mr. Peck was about to say something when Mr. Withers plucked him by the sleeve and said that he was going to withdraw, and he thought that Mr. Peck had better do the same. It was evidently against his will that Mr. Peck felt obliged to accept this suggestion, and he departed, after telling Dick that he meant to investigate him.

"You're at liberty to do so," replied the young broker, opening the door for his unwelcome visitors to pass out.

Then he returned to Miss Burnside.

"Now I'm ready to take you to my safe deposit vault where I keep my money and pay you the \$15,000; but I would advise you not to carry such a large sum with you. Better buy a draft on your local bank. I will take you around to a Wall Street bank where you can get one."

"I am thinking of investing the money in good bonds. Could you put me in the way of doing that, Mr. Merriton?"

"Certainly. I would suggest that you buy first mortgage 5's of any good railroad. I will show you a list with their present market value, and will point out those that I consider offer the best as well as the safest investment for your money."

"Thank you. I shall be ever so much obliged to you," said the young lady.

Dick got out the latest printed list of current bonds, and indicated certain ones that he thought would fill the bill for her. The result was she gave him an order to purchase bonds to the amount of what he owed her, and then took her departure for home, Dick promising to forward the bonds to her by registered mail in a few days.

edgment and thanks. During the next three months Dick engaged in a couple of deals that raised his capital to about \$150,000.

One day Bob Browning walked into his office about eleven o'clock.

"Taking a day off, Bob?" asked the boy broker, motioning to a seat beside his desk.

"No, I'm bounced."

"Lost your job, eh? What's the trouble?"

"Stayed too long on the top floor."

"What did you do that for?"

"Interested."

"In what?"

"Something I got on to. How much money have you got, Dick?"

"I can raise \$150,000 at a pinch."

"Can you? Then I'll tell you how you can double it easily enough."

"I'd like to hear that," replied Dick, looking interested.

"I shall want a good stake out of it because it's worth it, and I lost my job getting on to it."

"If there's anything in it for me I'll see that you don't get left."

"That's the way to talk, old man. Now, listen."

Bob then told him that the superintendent of the building had sent him that morning for a certain article kept in a small closet on the top floor. He left the elevator standing open while he went to the closet in question. While there he heard voices in a room beyond. Discovering a small hole in the wall, which had been bored for some purpose but not used, he looked through it and saw half a dozen well-dressed men, several of whom he recognized as big brokers. He soon found out that they were holding a secret meeting in that unoccupied and out-of-the-way room. The object of the meeting was the formation of a syndicate to secure control of the Hudson River Rapid Transit Co., and then sell out to the United Traction Co., of New Jersey, which was after the road. Bob said he was so interested in what he heard that he neglected to return to his elevator until one of the other men came hunting around after him. He gave such a poor excuse for his neglect of duty that the superintendent, who had a grouch on that mornig, told him that he was discharged.

"Now, Dick, those men are going to hold another meeting in the same room this afternoon at four o'clock, when they expect to have a dozen persons present that will be interested in the scheme," said Bob. "I'll take you up to the top floor and show you the closet. You can hide there and listen to the full particulars which will be discussed this afternoon. That will put you on the inside of the scheme and you ought to make a raft of money out of it."

"Much obliged, Bob. I'll go with you. If I make a big deal and come out ahead on it I'll give you five per cent of my winnings."

That afternoon at half-past three Dick was secreted in the closet. Fifteen minutes later the brokers began to arrive singly and in pairs. At length there were fourteen present. Then the door was locked and the proceedings were begun. Dick heard all that transpired in the room. He found out that the broker who was engineering the scheme had learned the names of all the people who held good-sized blocks of stock in the H. R. Rapid Transit Co. A list was read showing how many of these persons could be induced to part with their holdings, who were the doubtful ones,

CHAPTER XV.—Dick Gets a Grip on the Market.

In due time Dick sent the bonds to Miss Burnside and received from her a letter of acknowl-

and who were the persons whose stock could not be touched on account of their association with the present management. Dick made copious notes of all he heard. He learned that the result would depend largely on the syndicate's acquirement of the bulk of 40,000 floating shares which the members expected to pick up about the Street.

Another meeting was arranged for the following afternoon, when those who had signified their willingness to join the pool would come to the room with certified checks for a quarter of a million each. These checks were to be turned over to the broker who had gotten up the scheme, and the final arrangements to set the ball rolling would then be made. The Manhattan National Bank was named as treasurer for the syndicate.

Dick got away just as the meeting was breaking up, and returned to his office, which he had left in charge of Bob. He sat down at his desk and began to figure out how he was going to make the most out of the information which he had acquired. After he had thought the matter out he went down to the Mills Building and called on Mr. Littleton. He gave him the full particulars of the syndicate's proposed operations and asked him if he would go in with him on a project to corner as many of the floating shares as possible.

"My object, Mr. Littleton, is to hold the balance of power between the syndicate people who are figuring on getting a majority of the stock, and the present management, which is bound to make a big fight to retain its control as soon as it discovers what the other chaps are up to. Then I'll be in a position to sell out to the side which offers the biggest inducement. I've got \$150,000 to put in. But it isn't enough to insure success. I ought to have double that amount at least even to operate on a safe margin. Will you take a hand with me?"

The lawyer, who had acquired a great respect for the young broker's shrewdness and ability, listened attentively to all the facts of the case, and then surprised Dick by telling him that one of the estates he had control of owned 15,000 shares of the H. R. Rapid Transit Co. stock. Mr. Littleton pointed to the name of Dick's list of shares that the syndicate counted on acquiring.

"I'll go in with you, Merriton, and the estate will figure as a third partner in our deal, for, of course, I shall not sell the stock to any representative of the pool that approaches me with a proposition. I'll put in \$150,000 cash against your amount, and I leave you to work the matter to a successful conclusion."

Dick left the lawyer's office overjoyed, carrying away Mr. Littleton's check for his contribution to their fund.

"I'll start in and buy up the stock at once through a big brokerage house, and with the 15,000 shares of the estate to start with I hope to get a grip on the market," said Dick to himself.

According, next morning he went to see the head partner of the brokerage firm in question.

He was shown into the gentleman's private room.

"There is my card," he said, after taking his seat. "I represent certain interests that do not wish to be identified with a deal that they propose to put through. I am therefore going to put the margin up in cash. I want you to start in at once and buy up as quietly as possible any part

of 30,000 shares of H. R. Rapid Transit Co. at the market. I will allow you a leeway of one point, and will deposit with you \$300,000 to cover the transaction."

The broker accepted the commission, which promised a large profit to the firm. The market price of the transit stock was then 50. At three o'clock that day the trader notified Dick by messenger that he had secured 22,000 shares of the stock. Dick, after figuring up the situation, sent him word to quit buying after he had purchased 3,000 more.

The young broker visited the closet on the top floor of the King Building at four that afternoon, and found out some more valuable points on the matter in hand.

The operations of the syndicate were to begin at once, about half of those interested in the deal taking a hand to push things along.

The head of the pool took charge of buying the floating shares, while the others were told off to see the persons on the list who were likely to part with their stock. The meeting then adjourned on call.

Next morning Dick's broker secured the remaining 3,000 shares, the whole batch costing an average price of 50 5-8, and then the boy lay back on his oars. As far as the Hudson River Rapid Transit Co.'s stock was concerned, the young trader felt that he had a firm grip on the market, and that he was in a position to dictate terms to either side in the coming fight for the control of the road.

CHAPTER XVI.—A Hot Time In Wall Street.

Broker Westlake, who was managing the interests of the syndicate, soon discovered that there was an unexpected scarcity of H. R. Rapid Transit shares on the market.

He was much surprised at this, because three days before he had quietly ascertained that he could buy between 30,000 and 40,000 shares among the brokers. After he had gathered in 20,000 shares he began to experience great difficulty in finding any more. So he had to go into the Exchange and bid for the stock. The result was that by the time he got hold of 10,000 more the price had gone up to 52. In the meantime the other active participants in the pool had bought in most of the shares that were open to offers. In this way the syndicate succeeded in getting possession of 95,000 shares. This amount was within 10,000 of the number held by the people in power, who believed that they controlled the voting power of 30,000 more shares. As a matter of fact, they did, until the rival syndicate bought the 30,000 out.

When the people who were managing the road woke up to the situation they found out that their control of the line was in jeopardy. They immediately held a meeting and decided that they must raise funds enough to secure at least 30,000 more shares of stock. The money was borrowed and brokers were hired to go out and look for the shares. The members of the rival syndicate, however, were not asleep. They were scurrying around hot-foot after the stock, too. Fifty thousand shares were still outside the control of the rival factions. Of these 15,000 shares

were known to be held by Lawyer Littleton, who turned down all offers looking to their purchase, even at 65. What puzzled the interested parties was what had become of the 25,000 shares that had recently vanished from the Street. Their purchase had been traced to the brokerage house employed by Dick Merriton, but no amount of detective work brought to light the identity of the person for whom they had been bought.

A couple of weeks passed, during which the price of the rapid transit stock had advanced to 70, and each side had secured about 3,000 shares more. Then the following advertisement appeared in a prominent part of the "Wall Street News":

HUDSON RIVER RAPID TRANSIT STOCK

For Sale to the Highest Bidder.

A large block of H. R. T. Co. stock.

Richard Merriton, Broker,
Room 416, Globe Building.

The morning that the advertisement appeared in the News it was read by every trader in the district, and soon after nine o'clock there was a procession of brokers on the way to Dick's office. The boy guessed what would happen and was on hand early. John Barker, Dick's old boss, was the first comer. He had learned from Broker Withers, at the time of the Peck-Burnside episode, that his former messenger had branched out as a trader, and the fact had greatly astonished him. He wanted to know something about this block of rapid transit stock, for he was one of the brokers employed by the management to get hold of 20,000 shares.

He had hardly got into conversation with Dick before Mr. Withers came in on a similar errand. On top of them came Mr. Westlake, the head of the rival syndicate. Then other brokers dropped in until the room was so full that not another man could enter, while the corridor outside filled up with excited traders interested in what was going on.

Everybody within reach of Dick tried to get his ear, and the confusion prevented any business from being transacted. The crowd outside increased to such proportions that passers-by reported downstairs that there was trouble up on the seventh corridor, and so the superintendent bolted up there. He inquired the cause of the gathering of brokers on the fringe of the mob.

A couple of wags happened to hear his question and they told him that one of his tenants had committed suicide after shooting his stenographer, and suggested that he had better send for the police. The superintendent believed the story, and rushing downstairs, telephoned to the nearest station the apparent state of things in the Globe building. Word was sent to the Central Office on Mulberry street and the news bureau, as a matter of course, heard about it. In five minutes the intelligence was phoned to every paper in the city, and a small army of reporters were soon on the way to Wall street to learn the particulars.

One enterprising yellow journal hurried an extra through its presses and the newsboys were soon yelling: "Murder and suicide in Wall street. A broker shoots his stenographer and then kills himself."

In the meantime Dick sprang upon his desk and addressed his visitors. He said he had 40,000

shares of rapid transit stock for sale and asked for a bid on it.

Mr. Barker said he'd take 20,000 at 72.

Mr. Westlake said he'd give 73 for 30,000 shares. Barker raised his bid to 73 1-2, and Westlake saw him one-half point better.

The bidding became spirited till Westlake offered 75. As nobody believed that the stock was worth much more than 55 or 60 at the outside, great excitement ensued in the crowd. To add to the confusion Broker Barker lost his temper and wanted to assault Mr. Westlake when the latter bid 75.

Somebody on the outskirts of the crowd yelled 76 for the whole block, but Dick couldn't see who it was. About this time some of the reporters arrived and began asking questions. Four policemen also appeared at the same time.

The superintendent, who returned upstairs soon after sending for the cops, had discovered by this time that he had been hoaxed, and he tried to square himself with the police. Dick, after receiving the last bid, said that he could not sell less than the 40,000 shares. If Mr. Westlake would take the shares at 75 he could have them, unless Mr. Barker bid a higher figure. Barker snatched at Dick's desk phone and communicated with his principals. The reply he got caused him to throw up the sponge, and then Westlake agreed to take the 40,000 shares.

Dick gave him an order on Mr. Littleton for 15,000, and an order on his brokerage firm for the 25,000—both to be delivered C. O. D.

The profit of the deal amounted to \$900,000, of which amount Dick collared one-third. As soon as the business was over the crowd began to melt away, but outside on the street the appearance of the extra brought a big mob around the entrance to the Globe Building. It was some little while before matters could be straightened out, but for two hours at least there was a hot time in Wall street, and the brokers didn't get over talking about it, nor of Richard Merriton, who had engineered the big deal in the rapid transit stock, for a week.

On top of it all news came to the curb that the Mohawk Central mine had developed a fabulously rich vein of gold ore, and there was excitement to burn that afternoon in Broad street, the price going up to \$1.50 a share.

It subsequently went to \$3, at which price Dick sold his 5,000 shares.

As soon as the Hudson River Transit Co. stock had been paid for Dick handed Bob Browning \$15,000, which was five per cent. of his profit.

From that day Dick jumped into importance as a clever young broker, and he had to hire a suite of rooms lower down in the building, and a force of clerks, to accommodate his rapidly-increasing business.

A few months later he asked Nellie Grant to marry him, and she consented.

The happy event, however, has not yet come off, but is a certainty of the near future, as soon as Dick has made the million he is aiming at.

Although he is doing a prosperous business today in the Globe Building, he says the greatest time of his life was when he had A Grip on the Market.

Next week's issue will contain "WATCHING HIS CHANCE; OR, FROM FERRY BOY TO CAPTAIN."

BUCKSKIN BILL, THE COWBOY PRINCE

Or,

The Rough Riders of the Ranch

By GASTON GARNE

(A Serial Story.)

CHAPTER XXIV.—(Continued)

He refused a liberal reward they offered him, and then went off and engaged a builder to come out to the Double X and put up a new house.

The colonel also attended to making arrangements to work his gold mine, and then they returned home.

Until the new home was completed and furnished Bill and his mother resided at the colonel's.

And when the house was ready for occupancy the boy boldly asked the colonel for his daughter's hand.

He declared that they were too young to marry, but at the end of a year he gave in, and Bill led his blushing bride to the altar.

The crooked gang who worked for Flood were all given long terms in prison, of course, and Flood himself was buried in an unmarked grave.

The colonel devoted himself to the development of his mine and amassed a big fortune which he ultimately left to his daughter when he died.

A born cowboy, and with one of the biggest ranches in the country, Buckskin Bill prospered wonderfully himself and made an independent fortune.

THE END.

COMING NEXT WEEK

A GRAND FOOTBALL STORY

ENTITLED

HARRY THE HALF-BACK

OR

A FOOTBALLIST FOR FAIR

By GASTON GARNE

DON'T MISS THE OPENING CHAPTER OUT NEXT WEEK

3,000,000-YEAR-OLD FISH IS UNEARTHED

For the second time within the past month a discovery of major scientific importance has been made by George F. Sternberg, widely known fossil hunter, who is spending the summer in the chalk beds of Southern Gove County, Kan. The

news of Mr. Sternberg's latest find came in a letter to the biology department of Hays State Teachers College.

Just a few weeks ago the fossil hunter discovered the fossilized skeleton of a portheus mollus, an ancient sea fish, more than 12 feet long. Within the bones of the larger fish were those of a small fish 4 feet in length, which the large fish had swallowed before it died some 3,000,000 years ago. Mr. Sternberg's latest find is another fish near 10 feet in length of the same variety.

MARK TWAIN'S PRINTING PRESS

The printing press that launched Mark Twain on his literary career will retire from active service this summer. A regular tramp among printing presses it has been, except that, untramplike, it has never shirked work. It has never missed a weekly issue on its last job, which had lasted exactly fifty-five years on July 9. It was on its next-to-the-last job that the press was the unassertive partner of young Sam Clemens.

The last fifty years—not its hardest—have been spent in the little California town of Independence, on the edge of the desert. Not only is the press itself to go out of business; *The Inyo Independent*, also, whose voice the press has spread across the desert; through the valley, even so far as to meet the echo of roaring Los Angeles. The financial burder of publishing the paper has become too great, the editor announces.

The press—an old Washington hand press—left New York on its first assignment in 1848. It landed in Baton Rouge, where it supported Zachary Taylor for President. From Baton Rouge it went to Panama, where it was shipwrecked by the overturning of a barge. It was salvaged from the mud, however, and put to work getting out *The Panama Herald*.

In 1850 the press followed Horace Greely's advice and turned up in San Francisco, arriving on a sailing ship. There *The Placer Times* and *Transcript* made use of it for a year. It got a better job in San Diego, publishing the new *San Diego Herald*. From there it was persuaded to enter the service of Brigham Young, in the Mormon settlement at San Bernadino.

The old press was next loaded on a wagon and dragged through the desert sands, up steep mountain sides and through rocky passes, to Aurora, Nev., a mining boom camp. It was here that it made the acquaintance of and advertised as widely as possible the work of a young red-headed reporter, Sam Clemens. *The Aurora Times* was a staunch Union paper, and through the Civil War days the editors and their little press were faithfully guarded by shotgun deputies.

When Aurora gave up the brave fight, the old press and the young reporter went different ways. The world watched the reporter, but the press again made the rocking wagon pilgrimage across the mountains and into a little desert pocket below the level of the sea, in the edge of the region that a generation later it was to help advertise as Imperial Valley. Here it has labored without cessation for fifty-five years.

BRIEF BUT POINTED

ASBESTOS

The United States Geological Survey states that some asbestos is mined and some is quarried. The asbestos in Canada is near the surface and is quarried. That of Arizona is in a pith formation and it is necessary to drive tunnels to mine it. It runs in both veins and blanket formation. When asbestos is mined or quarried it is like rock and is milled into loose fibers.

1,000 IRATE BEAUTIES

A police riot squad saved the proprietor of a motion picture theatre in Berlin, from being mobbed by a thousand irate women. For a "movie fair" to open here soon, he had advertised for "sixty presentable ladies."

A long queue of beauties and near beauties formed outside the office. Dismayed by so unexpected a response, he tried to reduce the number by announcing that only bobbed-haired damsels between the ages of ten and twenty who were willing to dress as pages need apply.

This brought on disorder, 1,000 women shouting that these specifications were not mentioned in the advertisement and that therefore they were entitled to carfare and pay for their time. With an onslaught imminent, the manager summoned police, who cleared the premises.

CRIES "I'M SHOT!" 15 YEARS AFTERWARD

When word was received at Neward Police Headquarters the other day that a man had been shot at Bank and Bruce Streets two detectives and an ambulance from the City Hospital hurried to the scene.

The detectives found Alexander Tilghman, a negro, of 354 Broad Street limping about, crying in anguish. "I've been shot." The man was hurried to the hospital, and there an examination failed to reveal any wound. Questioned by the police the patient told the following story:

"Of course you won't find the wound. I was shot fifteen years ago and it didn't hurt me until now. It came all of a sudden. While in a fight in Frederica, Del., a man shot me in the leg. I don't think the bullet was taken out."

AIRPLANE SPEED LIMIT NOT REACHED

What will be the limit of man's speed through the air? According to Science and Invention, experts and engineers have tried to estimate this limit since the Wright brothers made their first successful flight in a power driven airplane. One hundred miles an hour was once considered an amazing speed limit for airplanes. This, with many estimates that followed, has been surpassed by the rapid advance of aircraft and motor designs, until up to the present time it is difficult to estimate what the maximum speed of future airplanes will be.

There are, however, two conditions to be considered, namely: the mechanical limit and the physical limit. The latter has already shown itself in closed circuit speed trials when making turns, due to the fact that centrifugal force begins acting on the blood, forcing it away from

the pilot's head and rendering him temporarily unconscious. While there are practically no physical defects noted in flying a straight course, outside of nerve strain, the mechanical limits are present. This is known as an airplane's speed range, which is the difference between the low landing speed and the highest level flying speed, the definite landing speed desired becoming the point of departure in the design.

At the annual International Air Races, a landing speed not to exceed seventy-five miles an hour is fixed, so that safety is not sacrificed in the work of science to advance the world's speed records.

As the airplane at present is the most effective weapon of war, due to its speed and manoeuvrability, and with the leading countries of the world striving to attain constantly increasing speeds, it is safe to estimate velocities in excess of 400 miles an hour in the near future.

WHERE SHE WAS

"Will you please state to the court just where you were on the afternoon of Friday, between the hours of two and four o'clock," said a lawyer to a delicate looking little woman on the witness stand.

"Well, now, let me see," she said reflectively. "I think I can recall just where I was during those hours. I know that it was just two when I left home and went down to a small market near my house and ordered a small bill of groceries sent up. Then I stopped at a tailor's to see about having him make some buttonholes for me; and after that I came on down town, and went first to Black & White's and got a dozen pearl buttons and a yard of silesia. Then I went over to Smith's and got two towels; and after that I went to my milliner's to carry her some flowers for a hat she is making for me. After that I ran into a display of ready made evening gowns for a few minutes, and then I went into an apothecary's and got a toothbrush; and from there I went to a hatter's and got a hat for my little boy; and then I ran in and heard a little of a lecture on foods a gentleman was giving in a hall down town; and coming out I met a friend and we had a cup of cocoa at a soda fountain; and then I got a lot of samples in several stores; and after that I ran into a bakeshop and got a dozen macaroons; and then I got me a pair of rubbers; and went on down town to a locksmith's to have a key I wanted made to order; and then I went to a dealer in furnaces and left an order to have a man come out and clean our furnace; and after that I made arrangements for having my piano tuned; and then a friend of mine and I ran in to see an exhibition of paintings for a few minutes; and after that we went to a cooking demonstration in the grocery department of one of the large department stores; and then—let me see, where did I go then? Oh, yes, I went to the post-office and registered a letter; and then——"

"That will do," said the judge. "If you did all that, and more, too, in two hours, I'll take back all I've ever said about its taking a woman three hours to buy a yard of ribbon."

GOOD READING

BATHTUB NOW TOM-TOM

The days of wooden bathtubs are gone, and with them the last wooden bathtub in the stock of a wholesale grocery and general merchandise house at Independence, Kan. This particular item of merchandise had been shelf goods since the advent of galvanized iron tubs.

The tub was sold to an Indian from Oklahoma, who had searched for one two years and in two States. He wanted it to make a big tom-tom.

REMOVE BOLT FROM LUNG

The Jefferson Hospital bronchoscope scored another triumph when by its means a carriage bolt, one and a half inches long and an eighth of an inch in thickness, was taken from the lung of Roy Kreuger, eleven, of Frankfort, Ill.

The boy was accompanied to Philadelphia by his mother who said he inhaled the bolt three months ago and stoically refused to tell his parents until a severe cough developed a week ago.

The boy was also stoical in the operation preliminaries. He displayed no emotion but curiosity. Shown the bolt after its removal he exclaimed, "Gee, how did I swallow that?"

BEAR MISTAKES BALD HEAD FOR STONE

Dr. Dudley Roberts, consulting physician, of New York City, will have a scar on his forehead to remember Glacier National Park by, according to Irvin S. Cobb.

Dr. Roberts, with his son, Cobb and Jim Whilt, the Rocky Mountain poet-guide, were fishing in the wilds of Glacier Park. They camped at the Snowshoe ranger cabin, and one of the first things they noticed were bear tracks. In the night Dr. Roberts awoke with a yell. The others secured a flashlight, which revealed Dr. Roberts with blood streaming down his face and a young black bear disappearing in haste.

While he dressed Dr. Roberts's head with the aid of his medicine kit, Cobb concluded the bear probably had been looking for food and turned over the doctor's bald head with his paw, thinking it a rock under which ants were plentiful, instead of the head of a man wise on germ lore.

FUR CROP HARD HIT BY FOREST FIRES

A shortage of fur in the Northwest is feared because of the widespread forest fires which have swept areas from Northern British Columbia to Southern Oregon. The dense smoke came at a time when most of the fur bearing animals were rearing families of young. The burning of underbrush and the forest floor destroyed mice, insects and cones which form the food of fur bearers.

Many small animals were destroyed by the smoke entering their dens and burrows. Others, driven out into the open fell victims to larger beasts of prey. Water fowl frequenting bogs and marshes, food for mink and ermine, left when the smoke pall formed and the hapless fur bearers were unable to nurture their litters. It will be years, say fur buyers, before the normal supply can be naturally restored.

RADIO "RECORDS"

An innovation in broadcasting was recently announced by the Vienna press. It is the invention by the Austrian scientist and X-ray expert, Moreno Levy, and the engineer, Frank Loeritzo, which they say makes possible the fixing of broadcast sounds as if by a gramophone record and the rendering of them later at will any number of times.

The principal part of the invention consists of disks on which the broadcast sounds are recorded by a spiral consisting, not of deeper or shallower impressions as on a gramophone record, but of a continuous line of points more or less strongly magnetized according to the strength or quantity of the sound.

It is also possible to run down only certain parts of this record, skipping others. The disks are demagnetized by a simple process and may be used again.

The inventors do not declare they have discovered any new principle, but have combined known elements into something decidedly novel.

STILL IN SPANISH JAIL

The Spanish prisoner is well enough to write again. No one knows how many years ago it is since he was first incarcerated in the Barcelona jail, dying and hopeless, but with his fortune, in the shape of cashier checks on an American bank, safely hidden in a secret pocket of his portmanteau. Yet he still is hopeful that some gullible American will provide the \$3,000 which is all that is necessary to free his luggage and deliver into the hands of his rescuer checks for \$360,000, one-third of which he is invited to retain as a reward.

Less than a month ago the *New York Times* called attention to the old swindle which, in years gone by, has yielded thousands and thousands of dollars to its perpetrators.

Now to the *Times* comes a letter from a clothing merchant in Fairmont, W. Va., enclosing all the documents in the swindle as they were forwarded to him after he had pretended to have been impressed. Most interesting is a paragraph in his letter in which he says that his father recalls having received the exact duplicate of the present correspondence some thirty years ago.

The precise year when the swindle started is lost in the recesses of the past. It is on record, however, that it was tried more than a generation ago, and it appears to be successful just often enough to give the old prisoner courage to continue sending out his appeals.

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166 West 23d Street New York City

"Fame and Fortune Weekly"

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 30, 1925

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ITEMS OF INTEREST

200 SPARROWS ATTACK AUTO.

A flock of more than two hundred English sparrows suddenly attacked the sedan driven by Frank Stewart, of Hackensack, N. J., as he was driving with his family along the Sparta Road. Stewart had to stop the car and shield his head and face from the fluttering wings of the birds.

Scores of sparrows beat themselves to death against the car and inside the car. Many lay dead in the road after the unusual assault.

BIRDS USING MAIL BOXES

Rural Carrier Messer, Unity, Miss., says that fully a dozen mail boxes on his route have been preempted this year by wrens, who have built their nests in the boxes and refuse to leave. One farmer solved the problem by getting them to move by putting a bird cote on the same post, to which he moved the nest and young. Mr. and Mrs. Wren accepted the new bungalow.

STARTED TO SMOKE AT 80

Ezra Meeker, the man who traveled the Oregon trail in the early days and who demanded a ten year contract last spring when he signed with a Wild West show, is very proud of his age and of the fact that he is spry at ninety-two. Recently, however, he met a rival.

While the show was in Newark, N. J., a youngish looking old man came up to meet Ezra Meeker. After they had exchanged pleasantries, the newcomer informed the old scout he was 100 years old. Meeker noticed his new acquaintance was smoking cigarets. Erza asked him if he did not find them harmful.

"No," was the reply, as he took an extra long pull, "and I've used 'em since I was eighty."

ICEBOX OPERATED BY HEAT

An artificial icebox that operates like a coffee percolator and generates cold from heat has been invented by two young Swedish engineers of the Stockholm Institute of Technology, Carl Munters and Baltzar von Platen. When heated at one point, either by gas, electricity or kerosene, it cools the usual kind of food chest and for ordinary household purposes needs to be run only a

few hours a day. When operated with gas at the Stockholm prices it produces the equivalent effect of 8 pounds of ice at the cost of one cent, and in view of the mild winter and the consequent shortage of natural ice facing the country, the new invention comes most opportunely.

The construction of the new ice chest is extremely simple. It has no movable, mechanical parts, no pistons, fans, pumps, ventilators, or any gears to get out of order. The action is initiated by heat which sets an ammonia solution in motion in a small boiler. The ammonia then passes through condensation tubes, and while trickling down a generator moves with hydrogen and by thus evaporating absorbs enough heat to cool the food in the refrigerator. In a third cylinder, called the "absorber," the ammonia is washed free from the hydrogen and then percolates down through a set of tubes into the boiler again, where the heat once more sets it in motion. While this action is kept up the refrigeration process continues. To effect the condensation running water has so far been used, but an air cooling system is being devised by the inventors.

For the launching of the new idea the Royal Board of Trade has granted a loan of 300,000 kroner and manufacturing has already started on a commercial scale.

Statement of the ownership, management, etc., required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of "FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY," published weekly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1925. State of New York, County of New York:—Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared A. A. Warford, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Editor of "FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY," and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor and business manager are: Publisher—Harry E. Wolff, Publisher, Inc., 166 West 23d Street, New York, N. Y. Editor—A. A. Warford, 166 West 23d Street, New York, N. Y. Managing Editor—None. Business Manager—None.

2. That the owners are: Harry E. Wolff, Publisher, Inc., 166 West 23d Street, New York, N. Y.; Harry E. Wolff, 166 West 23d Street, New York, N. Y.; M. N. Wolff, 166 West 23d Street, New York, N. Y.; J. F. Desbecker, 166 West 23d Street, New York, N. Y.; R. W. Desbecker, 166 West 23d Street, New York, N. Y.; C. W. Hastings, 166 West 23d Street, New York, N. Y.

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A. A. WARFORD, Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 29th day of September, 1925. Seymour W. Steiner. (My Commission expires March 30, 1926.)

CURRENT NEWS

READ BIBLE IN RELAYS IN 55 HOURS
AND 47 MINUTES

The reading of the entire Bible aloud and without pause has been accomplished by a group of Seventh Day Adventists, in Boston, in fifty-five hours and forty-seven minutes. The race against time was ended to-day in the Adventist Temple on Warren Street, where more than a score of readers had been at their breath-taking endeavors since last Monday. The time of completion was said to break all records.

The readers worked in relays. The Rev. Robert S. Fries, minister of the church, read the closing verses of the Revelation of St. John the Divine, with the little audience joining him.

Mr. Fries arranged the test, he said, to show that intelligent reading of the Bible could be completed in little more time than that of a popular novel.

TO MAKE A HECTOGRAPH

A hectograph is a pad composed of gelatin and glycerin and is used for marking impressions of writings and drawings. This pad is made in the proportions of one ounce of gelatin to six and one-half ounces of glycerin. These two ingredients should be allowed to mix by slow heating for several hours over a vessel filled with hot salt water. When thoroughly melted the mixture is poured into a long, shallow pan and allowed to harden, when it will have a smooth, even surface. A special copying ink is needed, which can be bought at a stationery store. The matter to be copied is written and placed face downward on the pad. After a short period the imprint of the writing will be transferred to the pad. About 100 copies may be made by placing blank paper over the tracings on the pad and rubbing gently, thus transferring the impression. The pad may be cleaned for another impression with a soft sponge and water, and it may be melted and poured over again when the surface becomes rough and uneven.

WILL RECLAIM 2,000 ACRES

The reclamation of 2,000 acres of land as the initial step in a comprehensive plan of civic development, to cost about \$27,000,000 in its entirety, is to be undertaken shortly on the southern shore of Lake Pontchartrain, just north of New Orleans, by the city and State through the Board of Levee Commissioners of the Orleans Levee District.

The initial development of 2,000 acres will extend from what is known as West End to the entrance of the Industrial Canal. The land reclaimed will be divided into public parks and parkways, sections for home sites and sections for hotel sites. The land will be protected by seawalls or breakwaters and jetties, the improvements to be developed in accordance with the most modern ideas for city planning. There

will be provided large boulevards, bathing beaches and all modern public utilities, such as sewerage, water, gas and electric service. Five or six years will be required for completing the project.

The Levee Board is advertising for its first contract, embodying 10,000,000 cubic yards of dredging.

MAINE OWL MET DEATH PICKING ON A
MAN

The forest and its animal denizens hold no terrors for Grant Crowell, young in years, but old in experience as a lumberjack, river diver and general woodsman, says an Auburn, Me., dispatch in "The Los Angeles Times."

One of the most thrilling adventures of Crowell's life was enacted recently. For several months a huge "man-eating" owl at Grand Lake had made night attacks on a number of men, one being injured severely by the claws and the beak of the big bird, and others having been cut about the hands and body.

Crowell had been attacked three times. At the first attack Crowell had no firearm or knife as a means of protection. The owl fastened his claws in his shoulders and started biting him with its beak. Crowell ran as fast as he could for the water, dived in and the bird released its claws.

Crowell found some stones and threw them at the tree in which the owl was secreted until the bird vanished.

On the second attack Crowell was carrying a rifle. While reconnoitering in the woods the owl attacked him, fastening its claws to his legs. Crowell, as quickly as he could, fired, but the bird flew between the thickly growing trees and escaped, although Crowell sent three bullets in rapid succession at the marauder.

For two weeks Crowell sought the bird each night. But the owl could not be seen and Crowell ceased his search. Two nights following the decision to abandon the rifle Crowell was fishing when suddenly the big bird swooped down and jabbed at him viciously with his beak, tearing out a piece of his sweater.

Crowell used the fishing rod as a weapon and swung at the owl, but missed. The owl succeeded in fastening its claws into his sweater again, this time tearing into his flesh. The beak also tore a big gash in his left arm.

Crowell squirmed and struggled to free himself, wielding the butt of the fishing rod with all his strength. One particularly vicious blow from the butt of the rod knocked the owl loose. Although evidently stunned, the owl tried to escape. But Crowell pursued the creature of the air and rained blows on it. Finally the owl fell dead. The head of the bird had been crushed.

On taking an inventory of his wounds Crowell found he had been cut in six different places, and his sweater and underwear had been torn almost to shreds. The owl measured five feet eight inches from tip to tip of its wings. Only one owl larger than that killed by Crowell was ever captured.

FROM ALL POINTS

MOTOR CARS NOW OUTNUMBER PHONES

There are now 2,000,000 more motor cars than telephones in use in the United States, according to statistics recently announced by the Western Electric Company. A census by this company shows 17,740,236 motor cars in operation, as compared with 15,369,454 telephones, or 100 motor cars for every eighty-six telephones in the United States.

In France the proportion is even more startling. There the latest figures show 573,967 motor cars in operation compared with 524,592 telephones, or 100 motor cars to every eighty-one telephones.

HOME GROWN MENTHOL TO CURE COLDS

An all-American cold cure, based on home-grown menthol, is a possibility held out by the Bureau of Plant Industry of the United States Department of Agriculture. Inasmuch as menthol is now imported at a cost of more than a million dollars annually, Governmental botanists point out that menthol-bearing mint plants can be made a profitable crop if properly cultivated in regions where the climate is suitable. Experimental plantings in various parts of the United States during the past year have shown that the mint does not produce a high enough percentage of menthol in Southern States, but in the cooler and moister Northern States its culture can be made to pay.

MEXICO'S GREAT COTTON ACREAGE

Lying to the east and north of Torreon and comprising about 1,000,000 acres, is the largest cotton producing region of Mexico. Originally a desert waste, the Laguna district has gradually been made richly productive by irrigation. The land is divided into tracts of 30 to 100 acres banked with dikes of varying height. During the flood season the water from the river is turned upon these tracts, sometimes to a depth of several feet. When the supply of water permits the process is repeated. The sediment deposited by each flooding renders the use of commercial fertilizer unnecessary. In fertility of soil and crops produced the Laguna district is often compared to the valley of the Nile.

STATE GETS NEW PARK SITE

The State Conservation Commission today announced it had accepted the deed for public park and recreation purposes of approximately 174 acres of land atop Prospect Mountain, near Lake George village. The land has been given to the State by George Foster Peabody and includes the top of the mountain and the right of way of the former funicular railway from base to peak.

The view from the mountain top is considered one of the finest in the State, and a cupola of the hotel there long has been used by the commission as a fire observation station. Two wagon roads and a trail along the old railway line place the top of the mountain within easy walking distance of the village.

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KANGAROO HUNTING.

Lamb-like as is the face of the kangaroo, tender and soft as are his eyes, he is by no means as gentle as he looks. Like the heathen Chinese, his countenance belies him, and there are few more exciting and withal dangerous sports than kangaroo shooting. To the hunter-seeker for some new sensation a visit to the wilds of Australia in search of kangaroos can be recommended. It requires a fleet horse to run an "old man" down if he gets a fair chance to show tail.

His forepaws, weak as they seem, can lift a dog high in the air and crush him to death; while when lying down, his favorite fighting attitude, he can kick with his powerful hind legs in a manner that rapidly clears a circle around him; and woe betide the man or dog that comes within reach of these huge claws, which can make a flesh-wound deep enough to maim the one or kill the other. Of course, we here speak of the great kangaroo, the boomer, or the old man, of the colonists. As a matter of fact, there are some thirty different kinds of kangaroos inhabiting various parts of Australia, and one species peculiar to New Guinea.

LITTLE ADS

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